



俺と彼女が下僕で奴隸で主従契約

oreto kanojoga gebokunde doreide shujuukeiyaku



Ore to Kanojo ga Geboku de Dorei de  
Shuujuu Keiyaku  
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[Novel Updates](#)

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「で？ シエリーの考えたサービステって何なんだ？」

「お散歩です」

「散歩？ 何の？」

「私のです」

「はい？」

何だそれと尋ねる前に——シエリーは

その場に四つん這いになり、

大の小さな草でハヤテのことを振り返る。

呆気に取られているハヤテの手には鋼

鎖につなぐ大の小さなボーズを取るシエリー。

なるほど。まるで大の散歩のようだ……じゃなくて！

「さあご主人様」

とりあえず校舎の中をぐるっと回りましょうか！

「私のような美少女を這いつくばらせ連れ回せるというのは、それはもう立派なサービスかと思いますが？」



リンネ・ブランケッシュ  
大陸屈指の魔獣学者  
で、アリアの従姉妹。  
研究のことになると周  
りが見えなくなる

「早く見せて、  
触らせん」



# 俺と彼女が下僕で奴隸で主従契約

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# Prologue

That morning, Hayate woke up from the sound of a shower coming from the same room.

*Mhm.....already morning, eh.*

He shook his head still dazed from sleep and raised his upper body from the bed.

“Sherry?”

He looked over at the neighbouring bed while rubbing his eye, but the bed was empty.

“Ah, she’s in the shower.”

Finally Hayate was able to use his sleepy head and join the dots between the sounds of the shower and Sherry’s absence.

Normally, the frequency of Sherry taking baths in morning wasn’t that high. It wasn’t every day, but only whenever the part-time job the day before was too hectic and she wasn’t able to take a bath at night.

However recently she had been taking bath every morning.

The reason for that was.

“Magic training again, eh.....”

Hayate muttered while worrying for her on the other side of wall. At the same time, *clank*, the sound of door opening rang out.

And, from the dorm’s private room bath, Sherry Scharlachrot came out while wrapping a single bath towel around her.

“She-Sherry!?”

“Huh? You woke up, Hayate. Just in time”

Sherry wasn’t perturbed—or rather was happy—on having Hayate’s gaze fixated on her. She smiled and threw a magic tool on the bed.

“Dry my hair with that.”



“D-Don’t tell me?”

“I leave it to you.”

Declaring that one-sidedly, Sherry sat down on a chair and waited for Hayate.

Though she was wrapped in a bath towel, it wasn’t that much help in hiding her exquisite body shape.

The area cloth covered was minimal so the deep valley in-between her voluptuous breasts was in plain view and the towel edge hardly covered her breast, showing off deep cleavage with just a slouch.

Naturally he wouldn’t do that, but that feeling wasn’t good for heart.

“What happened? Hurry, I’ll get cold”

Prologue 7

“.....Yes, yes. Got it”

Hayate got off the bed with the magic tool in his hands while giving a half-hearted reply.

“.....!”

Standing right behind Sherry he wasn’t that bothered by the edge of towel, but the wet nape of her neck and the cleavage seen from above appeared in his eyes, furthermore her glossy, lustrous, rose-coloured hair had a sweet-smell wafting.

Smelling that scent, he became light-headed and his heart rate quickened. He didn’t think that he would be able to get used to her not-so-young lady-like seductiveness.

“.....Were you training magic again from morning?”

“Yeah.”

“At least keep the work for holidays only. You might harm your health.”

“I can myself perfectly. It’s fine. I won’t collapse suddenly.”

Her tone was soft but from between them an unbending will could be felt. At times like these she was obstinate and wouldn’t hear others’ words unless it

was of some great significance.

“Just take care of yourself.....well then, I’ll start now.”

Hayate gave her the warning as best as he could, and turned on the switch of the magic tool in his hands, which was apparently called a dryer. Doing that a warm air started to blow out from the hole in front.

Moving the dryer, which was making weird sounds, he let the warm air hit Sherry’s hair. He did that carefully, without letting the dryer get too close to her beautiful hair to avoid damaging it.

“Compared to before, you’ve gotten better at drying the hair.”

“I’m thankful for your praise.”

“Now if you could just become good at handling women...”

“...I believe I’m handling them quite nicely and kindly.”

Hayate rebutted with a low voice, but Sherry heaved a dissatisfied sigh.

“I see. Then I’ll be happy if you’re gentle in the bed too.”

“Bfh!”

Hayate’s hands’ movements almost went mad upon hearing the words of Sherry that she spoke oh-so—

unhesitatingly.

“You see.....! Have I ever done anything to you on the bed!?”

“That’s why I’m requesting that you be kind and gentle at your *first* try.”

“~~~”

“Where’s your reply? Or maybe you love it hardcore?”

Prologue 8

Hayate would lose no matter the choice he made now.

“I will be courteous and gentle with it just like how I am with your hair, master.”

“Now that is my manservant. But—”



Sherry smiled with satisfaction, then suddenly bent her body backwards and looked at Hayate upside down.

“—On the bed you will be taking the lead, master.”

“Y-Yeah”

Hayate nodded with a red face, but he couldn't help but raise a question mark in his heart thinking if there would ever be a day when he would get a lead against her.

# Chapter 1 – Einherjar Festival

Once Sherry's hair was dried, the master and servant changed into their uniforms. After eating their breakfast, they headed towards the Rivaldi Classroom as usual.

"We're barely going to make it. Geez, all because you were too slow."

"Isn't that because you ordered me to help you wear your underwear and trim your toenails?"

Hayate jogged down the hallway, complaining to the master who liked to arbitrarily use her manservant and rammed open the door.

"Good! We made it!"

He had gathered the attention of everyone in the classroom, but has confirmed that the homeroom teacher Lela was still not here, he heaved a sigh of relief. Sherry entered behind him after controlling her breathing.

"Hey, don't just keep standing there, let's take our seats already."

"Yeah."

The two headed towards the seats in the corner of the classroom.

Like that, they sat side-by-side on the bench and waited for Lela to come, but she didn't show up even after the class started.

".....Isn't she too late?"

"Indeed. Maybe something happened?"

Sherry tilted her head regarding Hayate's question.

At that point, Aria and Kiruru left their seats and came towards them, maybe because they didn't have any other way to kill time.

"Hey Hayate, Sherry"

"Good morning, Hayate."

"Yo, both of you. Lela sure is late."



“It’s the Einherjar Festival soon. She must’ve been late due to the conference.”

Aria answered to Hayate’s topic. However Hayate, not knowing what the “Einherjar Festival” was, could only tilt his head.

“What is that Einherjar Festival?”

“It is a school festival named after the birthday of the First Queen, Artemis.”

“Like doing plays, and opening refreshment booths.”

Kiruru added her words to Aria’s explanation, and her cheeks flushed while saying “it’s worth looking forward to.”

“Hmm, plays and refreshment booths, eh. Or rather, how does Sherry not know about it if it’s a school event?”

“I don’t have any interest in things other than examinations.”

Sherry replied without hesitation.

Hayate felt gloomy hearing that uninterested response.

Thinking of her dream—the goal to become the strongest Hexenritter in the continent—he could

understand that it was needed to keep on running down that path without going astray, but.....even so, Hayate wanted to let her live content with happiness.

For that he wanted her to actively take part in these sorts of events.....

Maybe that gloomy emotion appeared on his face, Aria continued her explanation of school festival in a jovial tone.

“Well, although there will be refreshment booths, there won’t be dealings with money as the customers will be either relatives or invitees of nobles. The expenses for the preparations are also paid by the budget estimated beforehand by the Academy. In return, there is a voting session at the end of the festival, for the guests to decide the winning class.”

“Does something good happens if one wins that?”

“Yeah. The students of the class that won the first prize would get a bonus of improved grades, although by just a little. Moreover, in the best class, the best students are selected for individual awards and the ones who won that would get another additional reward.”

Aria winked as she said that with playfulness and placed her index finger on her lips.

“What is the reward?”

“That is.....the people can attend the party at the end of festival while wearing the “Moonlight Dress””

“?”

It was probably some seriously awesome thing, but thanks to his amnesia, Hayate wasn’t able to

understand what the “Moonlight Dress” was and could only tilt his head again.

“The „Moonlight Dress“ is a thing bestowed by the royal family to the Academy. It is a very honorable thing to be able to wear it.”

“Heh.”

“Hmm, looks like Hayate can’t understand its amazingness, right?”

“Well, certainly.”

“It’s impossible to not understand the greatness of the Queen.”

While Hayate and Aria were conversing, Victoria came over along with her Servant and joined the

conversation.

“The continent’s oldest bloodline continuing after Artemis-sama. The dress given by the incredibly great royal family is too much for a student to wear it.”

“I see.”

“Moreover last year I was invited to this Einherjar Festival along with Onee-



sama, and saw

that “Moonlight Dress” with my very own eyes.....”

Victoria reminisced about that time and grabbed her both arms, and shivered.

“It was a spectacular dress that seemed to have moonlight in it. I’ve never seen before or since then one as beautiful as that.”

“Now that sounds.....like an awesome dress.”

In truth, he still had no idea what it was, but upon seeing the excitement of Victoria who had actually seen that dress, he understood that it must be some sort of fabulous dress.

“People dance at the bonfire party, but the girl wearing the “Moonlight Dress” can dance with anyone.

After all, it would be an honor for the person dancing with her. There are also individuals who got married because of that dance acting as their romance trigger.”

“Heh, so they even marry.”

That was truly a surprise, Hayate stared in wonder.

According to her, it is some sort of earth-shattering beautiful dress, so maybe it went like this? They were infatuated by that beauty and probably fell in love at first sight.

Hayate concluded that it must’ve been like that considering everything they had talked about just now.

“Well, I understand now. If I danced with a person wearing that sort of earth-shattering dress, then even I might fall in love at once.”

“””””!?”””””

Hayate spoke nonchalantly after reaching a conclusion. The expressions of the four girls immediately changed once they heard the sentence he had just said.

At the same time, the door of the classroom opened, and the now-too-late Lela appeared.

“I arrived late. Everyone to your seats.”

“Ohh, it can’t be helped, let’s go back Kiruru.”

“Y-yeah. Hayate, let’s meet later.”

Aria and Kiruru returned to their seats as they spoke.

“W-W-We-Well t-t-the-the-then, have a nice day both of you.”

Victoria bid farewell in a strangely clumsy manner and also returned to her seat, but not before almost tripping on the stairs.

“It has been decided that the Einherjar Festival is to be held this year too.”

After checking every student was in their seats, Lela spoke in a bland tone.

“Last year some of you might have come here as guests, but this year you lowlives will welcome the guests. The opening is 3 weeks from now. Today we will use the first period to talk about the products being presented in the school festival. Class head.”

“Yes.”

Called out by Lela, Aria moved towards the podium from her seat. The black-clothed teacher left the work of chief facilitator to Aria. She got down from the podium and moved to the side to avoid getting in the way of the students’ discussion.

“Err, it is just as said before, let’s talk about the products and programs offered at the school festival.

Does anyone have suggestions? You can consult your classmates too.”

Aria placed her hands lightly on the teacher’s desk as she asked her classmates in a calm tone. Then, the sound of girls talking was heard here and there within the classroom.

“I’m looking forward to the school festival.”

“Hey, leaving that aside, what should we do?”

“Do you want to do something?”

“The act I saw last year with Artemis-sama as the theme was really splendid.”

“But I’ve heard that the tradition is that only seniors are allowed to play an act on Artemis-sama.”

“Oh, really? That's a shame.”

“Refreshment booths are also quite good.”

“But I’ve never cooked before.”

From here and there talks about what to do, “I want to do this” and whatnot could be heard.

Even though everyone wanted to do something, no one proposed their opinions to Aria. From the contents of the talks it was apparent that although they wanted to do something, they had no idea how to do it.

Aria, standing on the podium, was playing with her bangs with a troubled expression, but she didn’t try to rush her classmates. Apparently, she was going to wait until someone raised their hand.

At that moment, in the center of the classroom, Victoria raised her hand.

“Aria, can I ask you something?”

“Yeah. Go ahead, Victoria.”

“Well then.....”

Victoria stood up elegantly and suggested her idea while holding her hands in front of those two big mountains.

“I’m thinking of going with a café.”

“Café, eh. Yeah, got it.”

Aria nodded at Victoria’s idea.

“I’m sorry, but what is a café?”

A student, not knowing what a café was, asked Victoria.

“It is a commoners’ shop that serves tea and snacks to guests. So mimicking that, we should give an elegant tea time to the guests coming here.”

“Oh, my! That is marvelous.”



Voices of approval resounded from everywhere in the classroom.

“Giving black tea and snacks to my mother and elder sister makes me excited.”

“As expected of Victoria, to even know about the shops of the commoners.”

“Thank you, everyone.....however! For the sake of winning first place, I plan on adding a twist to this!”

*bang*

Victoria declared forcefully as she hit the top of her desk.

Victoria is too motivated compared to her usual self.

Well, she hates to lose, so it was only natural for her to try to win first place, but.....what might be the reason for her to be motivated to this extent?

“Victoria, what’s your plan?”

The facilitator, Aria, smiled as she urged Victoria to continue. Victoria spread out her hands that were on top of her chest with full confidence.

“That is.....cosplay!”

She declared her answer.

“Cosplay?”

“What might that be?”

Maybe they again didn’t understand the meaning of the word since questions were flying about from everywhere in the class. Regarding that, Victoria cleared her throat, ahem, and gathered everyone’s attention.

“In truth, I teamed up with Scharlachrot the other day and was made to work in a commoner’s maid café.....”

“.....?”

Sherry started upon hearing her name come up.

The classmates started being noisy upon hearing Victoria working with the class’s outcast, Sherry, and moreover, in a commoner’s shop.

“The staff there are all wearing maid uniforms while serving, and the customers also have fun with a meal and tea time. So the plan is to entertain guests not just with taste but also with sight.”

“Yeah, an unusual scheme.”

Aria affirmed Victoria’s opinion.

“Well, we nobles obviously cannot wear maid uniforms, but if there is any costume suitable for students of this Academy, then I think the guests would be happy.”

“I see. So what about the details of that important cosplay?”

“Err.....I haven’t thought about that.”

Victoria replied with a somewhat low voice to Aria’s question.

Apparently, she hadn’t thought of a concrete plan.

Like that a new topic “what to do about cosplay” started up within the classroom, but this time, before it became noisy, Kiruru raised her hand right above her.

“Oh? It’s rare for Kiruru to be so proactive. So, do you have any good ideas?”

Certainly, it was rare for Kiruru to be so proactive here and give out ideas. Were her spirits also raised after hearing about the school festival?

“About that, how about a Servant Café?”

“Servant Café?”

Aria asked Kiruru.

“I mean cosplaying as your own Servant. For example, I can wear ears and a tail like that of Kuro and also wear gloves resembling furry paws.”

“Bark!”

Kiruru’s Servant, Black Dog, also barked as if to support its master who was trying hard to explain.

Seeing her like that, Hayate thought about her in the cosplay form.

Black Dog is a dog-like Servant so Kiruru's cosplay would become a dog's ears and tail? The fluffy fur and those paws.....oh so cute.

Hayate felt warm and soft as he imagined Kiruru in cosplay form.

"Yeah, cosplaying as the Servant sure is a suitable idea for the students of this academy, but does anyone have other ideas? How about you Victoria?"

Aria asked the proponent of the cosplay café idea, Victoria, who was thinking with a finger on her chin.

"I think that is fine..... creating costumes resembling the Servants would strengthen the bond between the Masters and Servants while also bringing out their idiosyncrasies..... by wearing different clothes, I will be able to establish myself as better than the others and will earn the individual prize.....so yes I think that this idea is good!"

In the middle, she spoke in a very low voice, so Hayate wasn't able to hear it clearly, but as a result, Victoria approved of Kiruru's idea.

The center of the class, Victoria, gave her approval, so naturally, others also went along with it, and the Rivaldi Class decided to go with a Servant Café.

".....Incidentally, doing a café is good and all, but how will be the black tea and snacks be prepared?"

Although I know the names of famous brands, the place where I could get those is....."

The moment they decided to go with Servant Café, a particular classmate spoke out her concern.

"Sure enough, I also don't know about it."

"Buying the tea leaves and snacks is the work of maids after all."

"Will mother know about it?"

"But the Einherjar Festival has the tradition that only the students prepare everything."

"That is a problem....."

The worry of the girls spread out in the classroom within the blink of an eye,



and the sheltered noble ladies looked at each other's face as they thought about what to do.

Everyone thought that the idea would be rejected at the very last moment, but the facilitator Aria waved her hands as if to say it was all right.

"If you don't know where to buy tea leaves and snacks then just ask someone who actually works in a café, like Sherry for example."

".....Pardon?"

Sherry stared in shock at Aria.

While Victoria and Kiruru were giving out opinion after opinion, Sherry was completely apathetic in the corner of the classroom. However, she was confused when her name was called.

In some seconds she recovered herself and looked over the class only to find everyone's gaze fixed on her.

"....."

Facing the overwhelming pressure from the eyes of her classmates filled with expectation, Sherry unexpectedly retreated backward and bumped her ass into Hayate's waist.

So she can remain calm even if someone slanders her, but this is outside of her realm, eh?

Hayate nodded in his heart as he learned about an unexpected side of Sherry.

This might become the trigger for Sherry to blend in with the class.

Sherry had in the past been labeled as the daughter of the traitor and ostracized as a result. Thus she created a wall between her and the outside world to protect herself. That was something that irritated Hayate to no end.

Since he wanted her to be happy, he did not want to see her remain isolated—this might become a chance to change that situation.

Hayate gave Aria a thumbs up that was hidden from Sherry's vision. That was the signal to conclude the talk like that.

“.....!”

Aria saw his sign and thought for a bit, then she smiled as she understood Hayate’s intention.

“Well then the opinions are concluded, we the Rivaldi Classroom will go with a Servant Café! Sherry.”

“Eh? Ah, what?”

Sherry raised her voice in surprise.

“I will naturally assist, however, Sherry’s help is indispensable to the success of the Servant Café. It might be busy after the school, but everyone must remain here and work together on the preparations.”

“Eh, umm, Aria.....?”

Sherry looked at Aria to ask for help, but she kept on grinning and had no intention of taking back her previous remarks. Sweet smile.

Eventually, Sherry looked at Hayate.

“Why are you hesitating that much? Isn’t it fine to take it on?”

“.....Is that an order?”

“?”

Hayate could only tilt his head with such a reproachful gaze being directed at him, but,

I need to let her take this matter, even by force if need be.

With this thought in mind, he assented to her question.

“.....I see. Understood”

Sherry finally murmured as if giving up.



Like that the program of the Rivaldi Classroom was safely decided; Hayate and the others moved to the Second Training Grounds for the Practical Skills class.

Along the way, Sherry was more taciturn than usual.....

“What? Are you angry about what happened before?”

“Maybe angry, perhaps feeling complicated.....”

Sherry stole a glance at his face while playing with her bangs *round round*.

“Hayate. Do you understand why Victoria or Kiruru were that motivated?”

“.....? Isn’t it because they want to enliven the school festival?”

“Sigh.....You need to pay more attention to your careless remarks.”

She sighed with all her power.

What does she mean by offhand remarks? Thinking back, Victoria did say “I won’t lose to you” or

something, does that has any connection with this? Thinking back again, Kiruru also asked me a lot as a reference for her cosplay costume.

Hayate understood that the two were actually motivated, but he had no idea at all as to why it was related to Sherry sighing.

“.....If your eyes are distracted by someone else, I won’t let you off.”

“?”

Sherry said something, but since she spoke in a low voice with her head facing downwards, he wasn’t able to make out her words.

Well, leaving that aside for now.

Rather than that, the fact that Sherry showed support in the preparations of school festival was more important. Even though it was due to Hayate’s order, it didn’t change the fact that she moved a step forward from her isolated situation.

Now all that remains is for her to open her heart to her surroundings.....that is, as expected, only possible by Sherry’s own will.

But I will support her as much as I can.....as Hayate was thinking about this while walking alongside Sherry, he suddenly saw a strange girl heading towards



him.

“Ah, may I have a moment?”

The girl, who had very long blue hair, called out to Hayate and Sherry in a friendly manner. The moment she stopped walking, the locket pendant that was hanging from her neck bounced on her chest.

“Where is the Chairperson’s office? I haven’t been here in awhile, so I got lost.” “.....Excuse me, but who might you be?”

Sherry asked back with a wary expression. If she was within the Academy’s premises, it meant that she had passed through the guards at the entrance, but still, it was only natural to hesitate from telling the location of the Chairperson’s office to a stranger.

Her reaction was natural, but the other person may have taken that as rudeness—but, the blue-haired girl kept on showing an ingratiating smile as though she didn’t care about Sherry’s reaction.

“Ah, I’m not anyone suspicious. My name is Rinne Blanquis. I’m a scholar, and today I’ve come here to get the permission from the Chairperson to inspecting some documents. I also have identification.”

Rinne showed her ID to Sherry as she was speaking.

“Rinne.....are you perhaps the influential Professor Rinne from the Demonic Beast

University?” “It feels creepy being called like that.”

Rinne said as she smiled again.

“What is that Demonic Beast University?”

Hayate secretly whispered in Sherry’s ears.

“It is a university that specializes in researching Demonic Beasts.”

The ecology of Demonic Beasts was a mystery. Scholars, like Rinne who was in front of Hayate, were the people that tried to dispel the doubts and mysteries about Demonic Beasts.

“Even so, how did you know my name? Demonic Beast scholars are quite the

minority compared to star players like the Hexenritters. I don't think that I have had many chances to meet young Hexenritters in the making."

"I had seen your name in a report regarding the ecology of Cyclopes."

Sherry replied to Rinne's question as her eyes averted her for a second.

Cyclops was the name of the Demonic Beast that had destroyed Sherry's birthplace, the Scharlachrot Territory. Just speaking its name might have made her feel bitter.

Hayate placed his hand on her shoulder, trying to cheer her up. She placed her hand above his and tilted her head to bring her cheek toward his hand.

".....!"

Rinne gazed at the two of them.

"Well, let's end the self-introductions for now. So where is the Chairperson's office?"

Rinne saw a safe opportunity and again asked Sherry.

".....I'm sorry. If you want to go the Chairperson's office, then enter the school building from that entranceway and turn right in the hallway....."

Sherry apologized for making her wait and told her the route to the Chairperson's office.

"Thank you. Looks like I will reach there without losing my way."

Rinne nodded two times and tried to leave after expressing her gratitude.

"Sister Rin!"

That time a third person's voice entered Hayate's ears.

Turning around he saw Aria, along with her mechanical owl on her shoulder, running towards the three of them.

"Oh! Isn't it Aria, it's been a while."

"It truly has been a while! I wasn't able to contact you recently and got worried. Why are you at the Academy today?"

Aria talked as her cheeks blushed. From the sound of her voice, it was evident, even to Hayate, that she had a deep affection for Rinne.

Are these two acquaintances? Their way of calling each other is quite intimate.

“Hm? Yeah, Aria and I are cousins.”

Sensing his gaze, Rinne answered even before he asked the question.

She took off Aria’s hat with a natural movement and patted her red hair.

“Aria, you’ve grown……it’s almost like seeing the growth of a daughter.”

Rinne murmured as if talking to herself, and suddenly Aria, who was clinging to her, stopped.

“.....?”

Hayate felt an uncomfortable feeling to the sudden change, but he didn’t dare to put it into words.

“Hey, don’t you people have class right now? Go fast before you all get late. We can talk later as much as you want.”

Rinne patted her head one more time and lightly hit her back as if urging her to go.

“Mm. Understood. Sister Rin”

“Then, you two also, let’s meet later.”

Rinne disappeared into the school building while her long straight hair waved as she walked.

“.....Well then! We must also hurry to the Second Training Grounds. At this rate, we will truly be late.”

After seeing Rinne off, Aria clapped her hands as if to pull herself together, and started running while beckoning Hayate and Sherry.

“Let’s go, Hayate.”

“Yeah.”



Hayate and Sherry started to run after Aria.

Huh? That reminds me, that person wasn't surprised at all by the fact a man was in this Academy?

Questions popped up in Hayate's mind while he was running.

Isn't it strange according to the common sense of the people of this world that a man, who can never become a Hexenritter, is in this Academy?

Despite that, why was Rinne not only not surprised but even talked to him normally?

And what did her "let's meet later" mean.....?

It was quite strange that that sort of phrase was said to a person she had just met on the way to ask for directions.

".....?"

When he started to think about it, multiple question marks popped up regarding what Rinne said and her conduct.

However, all those questions were answered sooner than he had thought.



Lunch Break.

Hayate along with Sherry, Victoria, Kiruru and Aria headed to the Counselling Room after being called by Lela.

"Did we do anything recently?"

"I don't have any clues about it."

Hayate and Sherry both tilted their heads.

"Victoria, do you know anything?"

"Nothing in particular. And it's not like there is another quest issued by my family."

“Come to think of it, last time only three of us were called to the Counselling Room, right? Talking about quests, then all of us are the members who participated in the quest last time.”

“You’re right.”

“Kyurururu.”

Aria and her Servant raised voices in agreement upon hearing Hayate discovering the common thing between the five of them.

“Maybe something happened concerning the quest.”

“A-are we going to be scolded?”

“I don’t think that’s the case. We perfectly completed the quest aside from the several happenings that occurred in between”

“Is that so~? A-After all it is the Counselling Room?”

“Kiruru sure is a worrywart.”

Aria encouraged Kiruru, who was shivering due to the words “Counselling Room.”

“Well, we will know upon reaching it.”

With these blunt words spoken, Hayate and the girls walked down the hallway towards their destination.

Soon enough they arrived in front of the door with a plaque saying Counselling Room affixed on it.

“Lela-sensei. Are you in there?”

“Come in.”

Victoria knocked on the door, and the unfriendly voice of their homeroom teacher came. Complying to that voice, the group entered the room while saying excusing themselves.

Upon entering the room Hayate, Sherry, and Aria realized someone familiar other than Lela was in the room and was sitting on the sofa.

“Huh? Rinne?”

“Sister Rin?”

“Hi, we meet again.”

Rinne waved her hand towards the surprised Hayate and Aria as she was smiling and sitting on the sofa.

“Hayate. Is that your acquaintance?”

“We’ve met earlier. She is called Professor Rinner and is an influential person at the Demonic Beast University.”

“Is that so.”

Hayate was let down upon seeing Victoria’s mild reaction.

That is a strange reaction compared to Sherry’s and Aria’s.

Rinne had previously commented on how few scholars were studying the ecology of Demonic Beasts. It was a topic that few people paid any attention to unless there was suffering caused by Demonic Beasts similar to Sherry’s case or people like Aria who were related to a scholar who was interested in the topic.

“Schwartz-sensei. Why is Professor Rinne there?”

“She had some business with you people, apparently. Sit there for the time being.”

As suggested by Lela, the five people sat on two sofas. Lela was seated in a chair a distance away from the sofa. Apparently, she would just bear witness to their talk as a teacher.

“So what sort of business does a scholar have with us?”

Victoria, who had the highest family status among them, represented them and started the conversation.

“Well don’t be in such a hurry. First, let’s drink some tea.”

Rinne recommended black tea as she smiled.

Like Rinne, Aria often smiled, though Aria’s smile softened the atmosphere around her while Rinne’s had a something of a loose feeling. Put another way,

Aria's smile was considerate while Rinne's was warm.

"Thank you."

"Thank you very much."

A moment after some of them responded to the invitation to drink some black tea, Rinne started to talk.

"There is no other reason to call all of you here other than the fact that I am investigating the ecology of Chimeras right now. I came here to hear about the time when you defeated them."

"Chimeras.....!"

Chimeras were dangerous Demonic Beasts with a powerful regenerative ability, and they even had a superior species, Chimaeras, and a species that had seven heads. They first appeared in great numbers during the Verde Family's quest; Hayate had subjugated them all just before they caused a tragedy.

"What exactly is an ecology investigation?"

"It is the investigation of what sort of living creatures Demonic Beasts are. Demonic Beasts sure are living creatures with lots of mysterious, but it's not like everything about them is unknown. By analyzing them based on appearance or the attribute and type of magic they use, it is possible to make an approximate guess of the species' weak points and habits."

It would take thinking with patience and steadiness to find the weak points, but if one was able to find the traits of any Demonic Beast—for example, if a species was discovered to have the trait of "not being able to handle water," then even any person can escape to a lake or ponds, increasing their survival rate.

These scholars obviously didn't directly attack the Demonic Beasts like Hexenritters, but the Demonic Beast University was the sort of place which also helped ordinary people but in a different manner.

"Heh, I see."

Hayate let out a sigh of admiration, and Rine laughed.

“In other words, knowing the ecology of Demonic Beasts is related to protecting the people. That’s why I want to hear a detailed report from you.”

“We understand what you mean. If it’s like that, then we won’t hesitate to cooperate.”

Victoria nodded, and the others also agreed with her.

“Thank you. Then, first...”

Rinne took out a memo pad and pen and started to ask detailed questions concerning Chimeras at a rapid pace. The questions were wide-ranging, and Rinne collected answers from all five of them.

Although they fought the same opponents, the resistance and impressions each felt were different from person to person, for example, there was a difference between Sherry, who could use nothing but magic, and Victoria, who could use Wand in addition to magic.

“Hmm, so there was no resistance to lightning, right?”

“Y-Yes. Though the Chimeras had different appearances, there was not a single one that could save itself from the paralysis caused by lightning attacks.”

Rinne created an investigation document without being biased to a single person’s opinion and noted down the details given by all five of them.

Naturally, it took some time to sort out the testimonies of the five people, and before they all knew it, a lot of time had already elapsed. Lela had been substituted by another teacher and went to her next class.

After having answered nearly 100 questions, many of the pages in Rinne’s memo had turned black.

“Mm. Well, then Hayate.”

“Yes.”

He replied while thinking about what the next question would be; he had already gotten used to having Rinne call him by name.

“After combining all of your testimonies, it looks like the power of the Seele



you possess was the greatest in crushing the Chimeras, Chimaeras, and even the seven-headed ones.”

“Eh? No, it’s not like I was fighting alone.”

“Don’t be modest. That wasn’t praised but just an objective opinion. If I include the testimony of the Verde Family family head along with yours, and after already inspecting the actual site, the number of Chimeras you defeated in so little time is at a marvelously ridiculous level, completely abnormal.”

Rinne declared that with a researcher’s face.

Abnormal.....well, Hayate knew that he, and his very existence, was abnormal, but having been told this in such a calm manner made him troubled, and he did not know how to react.

Maybe she saw the complexity in his heart, Rinne had returned to a relaxed and smiling expression while saying: “.....And. What I want to say is, in other words, is that I want to see with my very own eyes just what sort of power your Seele has.”

She winked while pleading.



Because of Rinne’s pleading to see Seele’s power, Hayate and others moved to the mock battlegrounds. “Here the floor and the walls are made from mithril, so it will be fine to use all of your strength.”

Mithril was abnormally hard, it would never get even so much as a scratch from reckless attacks. Indeed the optimum place to show the power of Seele.

“Then, I need to prepare a bit.”

Hayate warned Rinne and then faced towards Sherry who had crossed her hands.

“.....”

“What happened?”

“No, looking at it again, pulling out Laevateinn sure is embarrassing.”

“It’s fine so just pull it out already.”

He got scolded.

It should be you feeling shame.....

Well, he couldn't refuse if the master was ordering him to.

Hayate lightly sucked in a breath and overlapped the Contract Mark on his right hand with the Contract Mark on Sherry's chest.

And speaking at the same time.

"Creation— The Embererathem Sword Lævateinn"

"NnnHh! Aaannh!"

Along with Sherry's gasps, a longsword with a red blade was taken out from her. Rinne's eyes glittered seeing Laevateinn shining a red hot light.

"Waaah!"

"Err, I will do whatever suitable."

Hayate stood a distance away from everyone as though trying to muster the power of Laevateinn.

Last Origin.....would definitely not be a good thing.

He knew the super-hardness of mithril, but he was even more worried that it might be broken. The Last Origin was that bold a move.

After all, it blasted a quarter of the mountain into nothingness.....

Hayate resolved to just show basic and safe abilities and pointed the tip of sword upwards.

"O Flames!"

The flames gushed out of Laevateinn and drew a wriggling serpentine track in the air, and soon enough it landed on the mithril floor while continuing to blaze brightly. Those flames wouldn't disappear until Hayate wanted them to.

"Heh, so the flames completely obey Hayate's will. Then, if someone goes into those fires, it would burn them to ash, becoming their last moments?"

"No, I remember that one senior had repelled the flames with her shield-type

Wand, so I think that the flames will disappear if they clash with something of the same or greater strength.”

In truth, nothing other than the Last Origin worked on the seven heads. Rinne nodded throughout

Hayate’s analysis.

“Hmmm.....then can you show us other things that you can do?”

“Ah, yes. Then.....O Flames!”

After that, Hayate showed his enhanced physical abilities made possible by Laevateinn, and he also demonstrated the whirlpool of flames that negated the magic of the Cyclops. In this manner that he kept showing the normal abilities of Laevateinn.

“Seriously awesome, I’m speechless.”

*clap clap clap* Rinne neared Hayate while clapping.

“You’re welcome, I’m obliged.”

“Even the basic specs have quite the output, and you haven’t even used Magika yet. Moreover, that whirlpool is powerful enough to blow the great magic of Demonic Beasts, right? Certainly, this feels different from regular Wands.....but..”

Rinne suddenly leaned coquettishly on Hayate’s shoulder as if to put all of her weight on him.

“.....!?”

“It feels lacking in power to blow up seven heads and a part of a mountain into nothing. Hey, aren’t you hiding Magika-like powers?”

Rinne diagonally breathed out warm breaths on Hayate’s ear causing him to gulp. She was glued so close that her adult breasts were pressing against his arm and changed their shape.

“Err, I’m not exactly hiding it, but the power of that is just too much, so it will be dangerous to use it in this place.”

“Hah.....ah, I see. Hah.....Well then, let`s move somewhere else.....haha.....”

“.....?”

Her breathing seemed strangely rough?

Hayate confirmed Rinne`s countenance. She was gazing fixedly at Laevateinn while breathing lightly.

“Haah.....I can`t wait anymore.....!”

“Heh?”

Before he could even think, his vision was overturned, and he fell to the ground while being pressed down by Rinne.

“Hey, show me that sword more clearly.....”

Rinne crawled on top of Hayate`s body while breathing roughly and tried to extend her hand towards the red longsword.

Hayate stiffened upon seeing this unexpected situation all of a sudden.

W-What is she doing out of the blue? But I seem to have seen this thing somewhere.....Ah, it`s the same as when Aria was rampaging to things related to Servants. As expected of her cousin. The moment their interest and curiosity points go above a critical level, they don`t seem to care about their surroundings!

“Oh, calm down Sherry!”

“Step aside Aria. No matter who it is, I will not forgive the person trying to lay their hands on my manservant.”

“I`m sorry. So please forgive her. Even though she`s like that, she`s my relative.”

Hayate heard a dangerous discussion going on outside his vision. However, it seemed to not have entered Rinne`s ears at all.

“Hey, show it to me quickly, let me touch it.”

“Owah! No, it`s dangerous, so get away! In both meanings!”

Hayate kept his sword away from Rinne so she could not touch the burning red hot blade of Laevateinn.

“Ugh~, Show~ it~ to~ me~.”

But Rinne didn’t know when to give up and tried to touch Laevateinn no matter what, and she was doing this she while humping Hayate while she mounted him.

*plonk*

Her movements brought a disaster, and her clothes were disordered, completely baring her breasts.

But she didn’t care about it at all in front of her curiosity, and she pushed her chest against Hayate’s body while still moving up and down, trying to touch the sword.

“Owah!?”

Finally, the two swellings reached his face and tried to crush him as he felt that sensation directly. The feeling of her nipples and the locket in between her cleavage accentuated, it seemed to emphasize on the softness of the two objects being pressed against his face.

Agh, my face is hot, and my mind’s going blank.

Hayate was being crushed under her while not knowing if it was Rinne’s body temperature or his own face’s temperature that was rising.

“Aria! Leave me!”

“Cold!? How can you release such a cold air without even chanting!?”

Hearing Sherry and Aria’s conversation, Hayate kept on enjoying that one of a kind softness for a while until Rinne was torn off by the hands of Victoria and Kiruru.



The end of the day’s classes came after all this happening. Hayate went with Sherry to Bury-In Café as usual, and once again he was doing the exhausting behind-the-scenes work.



“When will the parfait for 23 come!?”

“Yes, here it is!”

Hayate was here to help Sherry, but now he had ultimately become a member of the café’s staff. Although he was still as busy as ever, now he didn’t waver when processing orders according to their numbers and had become able to make food without making the hall staff wait much.

“This is the last order for now!”

“Good!”

Hayate reported after making the parfait, and the young shop manager lady took off her bandana and wiped off the sweat on her forehead.

“We’ve passed the last wave. Now some orders will pop up from time to time until the shop closes.”

“As always.”

While leaning against the kitchen counter, Hayate let out power while sighing loudly.

“At first I thought what would happen, but you’ve become quite reliable now.”

“Ha, Hahaha, do you think so?”

Hayate answered with an ambiguous smile to the shop manager’s words of praise.

I am still being made to work to death. It’s the same amount of work from the first day I came here.....

There was no learning period at all. It was already quite heavenly luck that he was able to get through all of that.

Without caring about the complexity of Hayate’s heart, the shop manager laughed cheerfully.

“On the first day I let you specially work because it was that girl’s request, but I will praise you for not running away. Our work is quite hard to do.”

“Ah, so you knew that it is hard to do.”

“Well duh.....but, I can leave that girl to a man who doesn’t leave things he has started.”

The shop manager muttered earnestly while crossing her arms. Her way of speaking was bothering him, but he tried to keep listening.

“You mean Sherry, right? Why does manager worry that much about Sherry?”

“.....Do you about the circumstances she is in?”

She asked as if asking just to be sure, to which Hayate nodded.

“Is that so. Well, it is like that. She did her work well from the first day, but she couldn’t blend in perfectly with her surroundings. It also wasn’t a problem that needed to be dealt at a moment’s notice, so we didn’t give any advice to her.”

“.....”

Hayate understood whatever the shop manager was saying as she closed her eyes.....but there was one thing he was concerned about.

“Why do you worry that much about Sherry?”

Hayate asked his doubt.

The two were just employer and employee. Though they weren’t strangers, they also weren’t that close.

So, Hayate still couldn’t understand why she was worrying that much about Sherry.

“.....Don’t tell that girl.”

After some silence, shop manager said that and told him about the „reason.’

“I used to live in the territory of the Scharlachrot Family.”

“.....!?”

Hayate immediately understood the meaning behind those words.

“Then manager is.....”

“Yeah, I was living there when those one-eyed giants were rampaging there.”

Hayate only knew about what happened at that time because of hearing about it from the others, and so he more or less understood the situation.

Due to an outbreak of Cyclopes, havoc broke out in the Scharlachrot Territory and the family head of the Scharlachrot Family, Sherry’s mother, had disappeared. In the end, the Chivalric Order under the direct control of the Queen came, but until then a lot of harm had been done.

“That time I just kept on running away together with my family.....And I even thought that I would die sometimes.”

The shop manager shrugged her shoulders and shook her head as if saying it wasn’t anything to worry about now. Hayate had asked why she was worrying that much about Sherry, but after hearing her words, he had become more confused about the reason.

Considering her position she should be resenting her, but should she be thinking about giving her advice?

“.....Does manager not resent Sherry?”

“Hm? yeah.....”

Hearing Hayate’s direct question the manager looked up at the ceiling for a short while.

“It’s not like I never felt resentment or anger.....but, wasn’t it Demonic Beasts who attacked her mother that ran away and us? Even so, if she had the sin of being born as a noble in that family then she has taken enough punishment by living until this day.”

Her family collapsed when she was small, her parents disappeared, even her grandmother died.....indeed Sherry had lost many things in her life since then and had taken pain and resentment from many other people.

“It is the duty of the adult to forgive the child.”

Shop manager poked Hayate’s head lightly with her index finger as she said that.

“That girl has changed bit by bit ever since she came with you. Her expression was always a hard one, but now it seems more natural. Please remain by her side like this forever.”

“I already had that intention even if you didn’t tell me.”

That time, orders came in, and both the shop manager and Hayate ended the conversation as they returned to work.

## Chapter 2 - Aria's Dream

"Eat this."

The opponent's rod-shaped Wand consecutively shot out many bullets made from earth and stones. The earthen bullets, which appeared to be hard enough to break bones upon contact, approached from all directions, making them impossible to dodge, but –

"O Flame!"

Hayate blocked them with a wall of flames that erupted from Laevateinn. The opponent in the „Ranking Competition: Singles Match“ this time was ranked 18th. She was a technical-type Hexenritter who was able to use earth at her will.

The problematic part wasn't only her skill, but also –

"Gorrie!"

"Wowowowow!"

– the existence of the earthen Giant Servant, a Golem.

*Bang*

"Tch."

The power inside that giant body resembled that of the Cyclops"; the punch it had swung down easily indented the ground. In this kind of a case, it was better to defeat the Servant first, but it wasn't so simple.

"Magika Create Golem!"

The opponent repeatedly struck the ground with her Wand, and for each hit to the ground, a golem was created. It was obviously a fake made from earth using Magika, but its appearance and power were the same. Whenever she got the chance, she would increase the number of golems, making it harder for Hayate to aim at the real Servant.

Another problem was that all the Golems focussed their attacks on Sherry.



Damn! Even If I want to defeat the Golem, disturbances pop up from the sides. Should I ignore them, then the Hexenritter also aims at Sherry. Damn it, how do I gain an offensive advantage!?

Unlike other Hexenritters, Sherry didn't possess a Wand, so her battle power was a level below the others.

It was natural to lock attacks onto her, but this time around the opponent thoroughly enforced this tactic.

"...!"

Sherry stood behind Hayate, and her expression was filled with impatience and irritation while she was biting her lips forcefully. She couldn't forgive herself for holding back Hayate's battle by being aimed at for being powerless.

"Hayate! Maintain your pace for a few more minutes!"

Seeing the situation not turn for better, Sherry ordered Hayate.

"What'll you do?"

"I'll try my new magic."

Sherry started her magic incantation.

"O the Queen of my servitude, o the ruler of death and catastrophe, inflict thy verdict upon the foolish ones stood in front of thy worshipper —"

As she incanted the aria, several drops of ice formed in the air of the Second Training Ground around Sherry. At the same time, cold gales whirled around her feet. Each time her voice vibrated, the drops of ice increased in size and turned into fangs and scales, eventually transformed into a dragon.

It is exactly like the „Aqua Javelin“ Sylvana used...!

Hayate was shocked while he repelled the Golems' punches with his Seele. In the explanation that he was given before, he was told that humans, regardless of their enormous magical energy, could only use small-scale magic because of their low output ability. But the magic Sherry emitted just now was almost like a Wand's Magika.

So this is why she always woke up early to train?!...

Hayate knew that Sherry practiced magic every day, almost as if she was possessed. And she intended to test out her results here...!

“— „Nieves“ ...!”

The instant Sherry shot the magic towards the opponent a problem arose.

*crack crack*...The ice dragon suddenly started breaking with an ear-splitting sound, and—

*shatter*

—the ice dragon broke into pieces and scattered into small light particles that glistened in the sunlight.

“Impossible...”

“!”

Sherry was dumbfounded and paralyzed. Hayate made his way back from the Golems to protect his

master who had made a big mistake.

“Magika Ground Crusher.”

Following this came an attack that can be best described as waves of earth assaulting the master and servant. The overwhelming mass of land rumbled and tried to engulf Hayate and Sherry.

What to do!? It’d be easy win if I use Last Origin...

Lela had prohibited the use of Last Origin within school premises due to its immense power. The Divine Protection of Valhalla would protect people, but buildings would be easily broken. It was evident that its use would be banned as it could turn the school grounds into a vacant plot of land with just a few activations of Last Origin.

"You don't have to do everything Hayate."

Sherry called to Hayate in a calm tone. At first glance, the Ground Crusher was

a showy skill, but it was not entirely aimed at Hayate and Sherry. They only had to conquer the avalanche of earth and rock that was assaulting them from the front and top to get past it.

“I got it!”

Hayate brandished Laevateinn above his head.

It wasn’t comparable to Hell Flame Destruction, but a pillar of blazing flames erupted from the sword tip and transformed into an immensely long blade. It swung down at the earth that had turned into a wall obstructing their path.

“Haah!”

The two masses, one of earth and the other of fire, collided. The opponent’s Magika won regarding the attacking weight—but Hayate’s attack won in terms of sharpness. The flames melted the earth and stones and had created a large gap dividing the wall.

It was wrong to express it as a gap as its width was sufficient to be that of a wide road. Hayate and Sherry ran through it, and the immensely long flaming sword was now swung horizontally.

“...Gorrie!”

“Wowowow!”

The upperclassman noticed that the Magika became disordered and ordered her Servant to protect her.

However, the power contained within Laevateinn wasn’t flimsy.

“—!”

Hayate ground his teeth while his emotions transferred through the - strongly gripped hilt and the flames grew five times stronger.

“Wo!?”

“No way?!”

It had already turned into something that was not a flaming sword—it was an immense quantity of roaring flames which easily engulfed the Hexenritter along with her Golem.



“We are finally within the Top 20 Ranks. Everything’s going fine~.”

On the way back from the Ranking Competition Singles Match, Hayate spoke with his arms crossed

behind his head.

In fact, their ranking increased at a good rate. This was the case even if the points they gained from the resolution of the Seven Headed Chimaera incident were ignored, though these had helped them rise to rise higher rank twenty. This was an unprecedented speed.

The ones who would gain seeded positions in the Reginleiv Cup were the Rank 1 and Rank 2. At first, it seemed like a long journey, but it appeared probable for them to even enter the Top 10 Ranks, and so the dream seemed to become a reality.

Despite that...

“That’s right...”

Sherry’s tone as they walked had been gloomy for a while.

...Is she worrying about that failure?

“Don’t worry, even if you fail at one magic, I will be there to back you up. So don’t be depressed.”

“But, still it was an important event...”

Sherry looked down; her actions showed that she was depressed, more than he had thought.

“Listen here, Sherry...”

“Hey, you two! Congratulations!”

Rinne appeared while waving her hand as Hayate was about to console Sherry. She was skipping as she walked, so her locket pendant bounced up and down on her breasts.

“R-Rinne.”

“Don’t make that face, it hurts, Hayate.”

“I-I see...”

She isn’t a bad person, but why did she appear now?

Thanks to her he lost the chance to cheer up Sherry.

“So what do you need?”

“I told you I’d observe your matches, right? It’s tiring to flip through documents all the time.”

Rinne was currently staying at the academy for some time to research documents related to Demonic Beasts. As expected of a Royal Academy, there were many documents only accessible here.

“It’s already been a week...so is your research progressing well?”

“It is progressing at a slow pace. You have actually seen it, so you know that was a truly weird Demonic Beast.”

“Well, certainly...”

The Chimeras had an incredibly strange appearance, they looked as if several animals were forcefully combined together. The Demonic Beasts were already aberrant existences, but even that had upped them.

It was totally messed up.

“Well, Demonic Beast research is always like this. I only have to work leisurely, no worries.”

Rinne talked in a refreshed tone before suddenly grabbing Hayate’s arm.

“But right now, let’s talk about something, your interesting Seele.”

“Woah!”

Hayate stumbled from the pull. He almost fell down, but the bigger issue was the two big things he felt against his upper arm!

“Hey, show me your long, burning thing~.”



If she was just not like this!

He screamed inside, though this would never be heard by Rinne.

She twisted her body to beg, and a pleasant feeling of oppression massaged Hayate's muscles. It felt as if his hands would melt at that moment.

...Normally, around this time Sherry would send a cold stare or punishment his way.

"I'll be heading in first."

"Eh? Ah..."

Sherry indeed went ahead first, and her figure disappeared within the school building.



Sherry left Hayate behind and walked down the hallway. Her heart wasn't in a good mood at the moment.

She had no hostility towards Rinne acting overly-familiar with Hayate...but she angry for her own  
uselessness.

She always held others back during the most important parts, be it the Ranking Competition or during Quests. The same was true just before with the failure of her magic.

However, what Sherry was worried about the most was not her own failure...

I want to...for...Hayate...

"Ouch!"

She had been walking with her head down and collided with a door.

She had reached her classroom while she had been thinking.

I shouldn't blank out this much.

Sherry entered the classroom as she patted her stinging forehead.

Some of her classmates, who had already finished their matches, talked loudly in the area that was directly across from her seat.

“...”

She paid them no heed, briskly walked in front of the class podium, and made her way to her seat.

Her seat was by the window.

It had been her seat since enrolment.

Not too long ago her daily routine consisted of sitting alone listening to the classes. After class, she would stare out the window, and after school had ended, she would head immediately back to her dorm or go to Bury-In Café.

But now she had a person to wait for, someone who sat beside her.

That alone was enough to fill Sherry with joy.

No matter what others said, she was truly happy...but.

“...Looks like Ms. Scharlachrot won again.”

“...!”

Sherry twitched a little.

There was no-one except her and the girls talking on the other side of her seat.

That voice...was it Ms. Mussel?

Sherry remembered the name of her classmate from a vague fragment of her memory.

The voices of Mussel and others continued to reverberate.

“The Laevateinn of Hayate is truly strong.”

“I’ve never seen such a strong man before.”

“Sherry’s luck must be incredible to have summoned Hayate.”

“Truly.”

It was doubtful if they talked louder so that Sherry would hear them, but their topic changed to Sherry rose up in ranks because she summoned Hayate due to luck.

Luck...heh.

The corner of Sherry's mouth curled up in self-deprecation because she actually believed what they said.

The summoning of a Servant certainly relied on aptitude and talents, but, in the end, it was based on strokes of luck. Although rare, there have been cases of summoning Servants completely opposite to one's wishes.

Hayate and Laevateinn were existences too far out of the ordinary. Despite bearing the bloodline from a former member of the Four Great Nobles, Hayate being summoned could only be explained by pure luck.

—Before, Sherry wouldn't even have taken notice of the surrounding gossip other than to laugh at them regardless of how true the gossip was.

However, it was different now.

"...I know that without you people pointing it out."

Mussel's gossiping with the others was ripping Sherry's heart out.

I'm only relying on his power.

Sherry had no power to fight. She practiced her magic several times more and harder than other

Hexenritters, yet she could only play a supporting role.

It was obvious to others that Sherry raised her rank by using Hayate's powers.

That was the truth...and it was unbearable for Sherry.

I want to be Hayate's equal...

Despite her wishes, she didn't have the power to stand alongside Hayate.

Every time Sherry thought of it, she'd feel irritated... it tortured her heart.

She wished to be beside the person who said he would fight for her sake.

She was irredeemably powerless.

She was sad. She felt alone. Her pain never subsided.

However, the most torturing emotion locked up in her was...fear.

He'd surely leave someone as useless as me sometime in future...

"..."

The thought crossed her mind for a second and her eyes welled up and her vision blurred.

Even those increase acted as a symbol of her reliance on him. Sherry wiped the tears from her eyes gently while the guilt in her mind nearly crushed her will.

Still, she had to stop her tears fast before Hayate returned after being freed from Rinne. She already depended on him, so she didn't want to worry him.

Mussel's and the other's gossip went on with no end in sight. Maybe they wished to plant their thoughts within the whole classroom. Despite the malicious nature of their words, Sherry couldn't refute them as they were true.

As her resistance to the words decreased, she became more sentimental—

"How about not talking anymore?"

—Victoria entered the room and signaled the girls with an amiable smile to stop their discussion.

"Eh...um."

"Shut up!"

Mussel and the others immediately shut their mouths, as if they were frogs being glared at by a snake.

It must have astonished them to see Victoria yell, they could not move and could only stand still with their eyes open wide.

"If you have the pride of nobles, then hone yourselves before berating others! The Hexenritters and Servants are a unified existence. If your dignity fell, your partner would become worthless."

“Hiss!”

As though agreeing with its prideful Master, the Servant also lifted its snake-head up and spread its wings.

The winged serpent coiled back, and its long body appeared to be made intentionally larger.

“W-we’re sorry...”

The girls apologized in a fluster and escaped out of the classroom.

Victoria huffed while she brushed her hair up and this time glared at the silent Sherry before heading towards her.

“Why are you keeping quiet hearing those words?”

“...It’s the truth.”

Sherry replied while averting her eyes.

Victoria raised her eyebrows in displeasure at Sherry’s attitude.

“How modest of you. I wonder where the power you used to speak to me so strongly with went.”

“...”

Sherry did not reply to her provocation, and Victoria’s expression became exasperated.

“...do you seriously believe their malicious and reasonless gossip?”

“...!”

Sherry expression became turbulent as Victoria had correctly guessed the thing Sherry didn’t want her to.

Victoria sighed in pure amazement seeing that.

“Listen, you two have won against me! Your pair won against me!”

Victoria pointed her finger at Sherry, who looked down in shame.

“You „two“ are strong. It’d trouble me to see my first ever rival in such a

predicament. Keep pride in yourself as always, OK?”



Victoria turned around in a bad mood, and without hearing Sherry’s reply, moved back to her own seat.

Sherry could only say, “Thanks,” to the exceptionally roundabout consolation and waited for Hayate to return with a lightened heart.



In the days in which the Ranking Competitions were held classes ended earlier.

Usually, whenever classes ended everyone spent their free time as they liked, but it was a different story with the Einherjar Festival right around the corner. A

large number of students remained in the classrooms and prepared for the school festival in haste.

It was supposed to be like that.

“I’ve got free time before the part-time job if school ends early.”

“It’s only you who is free.”

Hayate retorted to Sherry who spoke absentmindedly and looked at the tumult in the classroom as if it was unrelated to her.

“It can’t be helped. Aria has asked me to act as an advisor and teach how to serve customers.”

Aria knew Sherry was busy after school with her part-time job, so she had allocated to her a job that didn’t require her to remain at school to complete.

However, she was bored as everyone worked to their fullest to complete their tasks.

“Now that I think about it, what’d you do about your costume for Servant Café?”

“I’m thinking.”

“I see. Well to cosplay as your Servant would mean for you to cosplay as me. I believe that is a hard task.”

As a last resort, Hayate would have to lend his male uniform to her, but they still had time so they could still think of something else.

That aside Hayate became sleepy without anything to work on.

*“Yawn.”*

Hayate yawned and slumped down on his bench. Abruptly, in his now inverted vision, a girl who was coming near them was reflected. It was a student Hayate didn’t even know the name of.

“Um, Ms. Scharlachrot?”

“...Yes?”

The girl spoke in a hesitant voice, to which Sherry replied after she had



blinked several times.

“...Ms. Orsayle, is it?”

“Ah, err...so you knew me.”

The spectacled girl, Orsayle became afraid as Sherry spoke her name. Sherry paid no attention to her reaction and continued.

“You want something?”

“Y-you see...err...”

Orsayle mumbled quite a bit as if she was oppressed by Sherry’s tone. Maybe she was a quiet girl?

Hayate felt that the fainthearted girl wasn’t a good negotiator against someone like Sherry. He looked at the girl and saw several other girls praying for Orsayle’s success. She had apparently lost in a game of rock, paper, scissors and was made to be the negotiator.

“Um, I’m sorry.”

“There is nothing you need to apologize for?”

Your attitude is bad...

Hayate sighed deep inside and supported Orsayle.

“Err, Ms. Orsayle?”

“Hiii!? Y-yes!?”

Orsayle didn’t anticipate him to talk and raised a small scream whilst her eyes had tears welled up.

Apparently, she was at her wit's end just by talking to Sherry.

“You wanted Sherry’s help, right? Go ahead.”

“Ah...”

Hayate’s kind voice bore fruit as Orsayle’s expression became soft and she spoke her part.

“There are brands of black tea we wish to present in the café, but we don’t know how to refill the stock...so we thought Ms. Scharlachrot might know about it...so, um, sorry.”

In the end, she had apologized again and waited for Sherry’s reply while she twitched timidly.

“...Which brand did you wish to present?”

“Ah, that is...”

Orsayle answered with several brands of black teas despite how many times her voice clogged up. Sherry contemplated for a bit.

“...They are all sold at the shop I work at. Maybe the owner might know the suppliers.”

“R-Really?!”

Sherry replied “yes” to Orsayle who had already brightened up.

“In truth, there are tea cakes we don’t know about.”

“I see. Tell me.”

For a while, Sherry and Orsayle continued their talk about the café’s menu, like what could be easy to get and what not.

“T-thank you very much, Ms. Scharlachrot. You helped a lot.”

“No problem. I’ll ask the owner regarding details about the supplier, so we’ll talk about it at a later date.”

“Yes, please.”

Orsayle bowed and seemed to go back...but she stopped and hesitated, as though she wanted to say

something to Sherry.

“...What happened?”

“Um, Ms. Scharlachrot?”

Orsayle spoke her name shyly while Sherry wondered about her actions.

“I thought you were a scary person, but it seems like that was a lie. You know a lot, and you don’t even ask me to hurry up when speaking...so I thought you might be a good person.”

“...Is that so?”

“You seem to go back immediately to the school, Ms. Scharlachrot...so I wondered if we could talk more?”

“Sorry, but I’m busy with my part-time job after school.”

Although, today the after school time was longer than usual, she had to return back as usual in the evening. Sherry responded apologetically.

“I see...sorry, I shouldn’t have asked such an unreasonable task. Um, you did save us, thank you. If we don’t understand something in future, may I ask you... no, please forget it. Well then, I’ll excuse myself.”

Orsayle bowed and returned to her group.

Sherry sent her off and again blanked out.

“...Is that fine?”

Hayate had watched over the whole conversation and laconically asked her a question.

“What?”

“She asked for your help, you could’ve been a little more proactive in helping, right? If you pleaded at the part-time job, they’d decrease your shifts, right?”

“I merely performed my part, and I can’t slack off at my job. It would cause others trouble, and I’d delay the repayment of my debt to the Chairwoman.”

“Will they even care about that?”

Hayate didn’t know much about the Chairwoman, but she helped Sherry in her distress and protected her, so he estimated she wasn’t a petty person.

“...You seem too interested. Do you really want the school festival to

succeed?”

“Well, I do think it is way better than failing...”

Hayate started to hear irritation mixed in Sherry’s voice.

I know you didn’t care for the School Festival, but should you hate it that much?

“You don’t want to participate in the school festival?”

“...Yes. It’d be problematic if someone won the prize, Moonlight Dress, and invited you to dance.”

Why is she talking about the „Moonlight Dress“ right now?

Hayate couldn’t relate the two subjects yet...

“If that Moonlight Dress really is such a beautiful dress, then I’d rather see you wearing it.”

“...!”

Sherry suddenly stared wide at Hayate with her breath stopped.

“That means you wish to dance with me and not Ms. Victoria or Ms. Kiruru?”

“I don’t know why you named those two for comparison, but...yeah, I do want to dance with you, but I don’t know how to.”

“I see.”

Huh? Did her mood suddenly uplift?

“...Hmm. If you say so I’ll also help in the school festival.”

“I see.”

Hayate didn’t understand why, but he was satisfied to see Sherry motivated.



“Ha~ya~te.”

“Mm?”

Hayate got out of the toilet and washed his hands when a familiar voice called

out his name, and he turned around to face it.

“Oh, it’s Aria.”

“Yes, it’s me.”

Aria said smilingly and took a peek at Hayate’s hands. “You walk a long distance to relieve yourself, eh.”

“Male toilets are only for guest use, thanks to it I’ve been in a lot of predicaments.”

Hayate wiped his hands as he briefed Aria to one of the problems he suffered as the only male in a girls’ school.

“So? Do you have anything to talk about to have come here?”

“Yea, come with me for a bit.”

Hayate silently thought for a bit.

“...Where to?”

“My room.”

“I refuse.”

“Don’t reply immediately.”

“Who knows what’ll become of me.”

Aria was always curious about strange Servants, such as Hayate.

If she took him to her room and locked it from the inside, only God knew what would become of him.

“And with that, adieu.”

Hayate tried to run away quickly but—

“Miria.”

“Kyurururu.”

He was quickly caught by Aria's Servant, Miria, and was suspended in the air.

"Let me down!"

He struggled, but the talons of the owl that had grabbed his shoulders did not budge even a bit.

"Sorry, bear with it."

"...What'd you plan to do with me!?"

Hayate languidly dangled his limbs in the air and glared at her.

"Like I said, come to my room."

"Today you are too forceful. Usually, you are half-joking."

"Hmm, well you see..."

Aria smiled wryly and averted her eyes before continuing to explain a great truth.

"It's Sis Rin's request."

"Wadafaq!?"

"Noooooooooooo!!!"

"Calm down already."

"Stoooooooooooooooooooooooooop!!!"

Hayate bellowed, and Rinne teased his body.

After he was led into the room, he was tied to a restriction tool that seemed like a bed, and Rinne examined all of his body parts. Even places he couldn't speak of...

And she still wasn't finished examining him.

"*pant pant*, from the current state of the analysis you aren't any different from normal people. Just why are you able to use a Seele? What is so different about you compared to other males? *pant pant*"

"Sis Rin? "

Even the chief criminal, who brought him here, Aria, looked worriedly at her cousin who had bloodshot eyes.

“No, not yet...he did run away at noon, so now let me examine him. Now then, show me your insides.”

Rinne took out a scalpel while her breath became wilder and wilder.

“Wait! A Minute! A-Aria stop her!”

“Sis Rin! Stoooooop!”

“Ugh! Let me go Aria!”

“That’d be too dangerous!”

Aria and Miria pinned her down, and after a while, Rinne regained her sanity.

“sigh...I got a little excited.”

“A little?”

Hayate got out of the restraints and rubbed his neck while looking at Aria and Rinne with scorn.

Aria ducked her head apologetically as Rinne laughed loudly.

“I wanted to learn about Hayate inside and out. So forgive me.”

She conveyed her apology, though it was unknown if she was even truly apologetic.

Hayate heaved a sigh and examined the room.

Now that I think about it, this the first time I entered Aria’s room.

He’d been invited a couple of occasions, but he refused, so this was the first time he entered the room.

There were some cute ornaments and girlish things in her room, but the most outstanding things were documents related to Servants. More than that, there were dolls of Servants. To make them the muscles and body hairs of the Servants were elaborately fine-tuned.

So books and puppets of Servants. These are only things here, eh.



Aria squirmed as Hayate examined her room all around.

“Don’t look around so much.” “Oh, my bad.”

Normally she was frank and even talked to Hayate in a friendly manner. Unexpectedly, she seemed embarrassed.

“Oh my, are you blushing Aria?”

Rinne saw the two talking and interjected to amuse herself.

“Sis Rin, don’t tease me.”

“You are of that age already.”

Rinne laughed and gently patted Aria’s head.

“Geez.”

Aria pouted as she succumbed to the pleasure and surrendered to Rinne.

They indeed do look like sisters, or rather like parent and child.

Rinne suddenly sent Hayate a sidelong glance as he was lost in his thoughts.

“Well, from what I could see, you really are a human.”

“I also believe this to be the case.”

“I see...do you feel anything in you that is different about yourself compared to others, anything abnormal?”

“Nope.”

Of course, Hayate did think that he was inhuman when he used his Seele, but he was otherwise an

ordinary man. There wasn’t anything worth mentioning about him.

“I see. I see.”

Rinne wrote something in her memo pad before closing it.

“But why are you examining me? Before you were only inspecting the Seele..”

She certainly came to the Academy to do research on Chimeras.

Then why did she need Aria’s help to examine Hayate?

“Well, you see...”

“...?”

“Umm...ah, yeah.”

Hayate noticed Rinne’s eyes were darting around as she avoided answering his question, which made an ominous feeling sprout inside him.

“Don’t tell me...it was just out of curiosity?”

“Yep.”

Rinne nodded vigorously. Hayate's shoulders dropped in disappointment.

“Ahaha, scholars are always like this. But I am really sorry.”

Rinne said as she suddenly embraced Hayate with her breasts.

“*muffle!?*”

“You can examine my body in return, so forgive me, okay?”

“*muffle!*”

Hayate struggled to not die from suffocation by Rinne’s boobs.

She also seemed to be interested in an excessive physical relationship. She pushed her breasts against him regardless if they were outside, or in front of others. In fact, the size of her breasts was perfect for him...but he had no time to appreciate them! He couldn't breathe!

“*muffle muffle muffle!* (Save me Aria!)”

“Okay, okay.”

Aria grabbed Hayate’s hand and pulled him apart from Rinne’s chest.

“*pant!* I’m safe.”

“Sorry about my sister. I’ll keep it a secret from Sherry.”

“I'm incredibly grateful.”

He glanced at the clock in the room and realized that quite some time had passed since he had entered the room.

Sherry will be worried if I don't go back soon.

A certain wooden plank caught Hayate's interest as he was thinking about how to excuse himself. The plank was made into the shape of a frame, and a vividly drawn picture of Aria was affixed inside of it.

“Woah, this is really pretty.”

“That was made by a machine that is known as a camera. It can burn real life scenes directly onto film.”

“Directly, eh. That sounds interesting.”

He looked over the various pictures placed upon the tables, and his admiration increased with each one.

There were quite a lot of them; there was even one with Kiruru.

“Hmm?”

There was only frame among all of them that was laid down.

“Aria~, do you remember where are the forceps I used before?”

“Eh? Maybe you dropped it on the floor?”

At the same time, Aria was called by Rinne who was currently down on the floor on all fours like a dog searching for the forceps.

The two weren't looking at him right now.

“...”

Hayate raised up the picture frame after losing to his own curiosity.

This is a young Rinne? And that is two...Arias?

There was a young Rinne, and two young Arias printed in the photograph.

He looked more closely and realized that their heights were different; apparently, they were of different ages. In that case, were they really similar-looking sisters?

If I remember correctly when these two met Rinne said „it“s like watching my child grow.“ That means one is her child while the other is Aria?

He believed that his conjecture was not wrong...

...Why“d did she put this picture down?

To lay it face down would mean to hide something. But from whom? It would be weird to hide it from Rinne when she was in the picture. In that case was it to hide it from Hayate? But, why?

“Ah!”

While Hayate tilted his head in confusion Aria stood up suddenly smacked the picture frame down with her hands. She hit with quite some power, so Hayate“s finger was stuck between the frame and the table.

“Ow!”

“Sorry, are you alright?”

“Yeah, I“m alright. Sorry to have seen it without permission.”

“No problem. It“s nothing worth mentioning...”

Aria glanced at Rinne over her shoulders. Rinne crawled on the floor to find the forceps.

“Err, I“ll go back to the classroom. Sherry might be worrying about me.”

“I see, okay. Sorry for today.”

“Don“t mind it. See you.”

Hayate left Aria“s room after he clumsily exchanged some salutations.

Incidentally, after he returned to the classroom, Sherry asked question after question about what he did in the toilet for an hour. She got angry at him.



One week before the School Festival.

The preparations during this period sped up, and the students could be seen dashing to and fro in the classrooms during the break periods and also after the

school.

Sherry's classroom, Rivaldi, was no exception...

"Weren't the tea tables supposed to arrive today?!"

"Who's in charge of ordering lace curtains?!"

"Kyaa! The order of tea sets is wrong by one digit!"

"Did the stitching of costumes finish?! We need to take the measurements already to adjust the clothes to people's sizes!"

"Eh, what...my breast size has increased?!"

"Owah! Don't say that out loud!"

"We'd have to remake it~?"

"How long to steep these tea leaves~?"

"In my house, it is~~."

"No, just blend it~~~."

The present state of the classroom could easily be described as a battlefield on fire. The café menu party started out as a conversation about different methods and extensive knowledge about the black tea used at each individual's house, however by the latter half, it seemed to have turned into a spell chant conversation, something that Hayate couldn't understand.

"sigh...The festivals sure are oppressing."

"Well duh."

As Hayate admired from a corner in the classroom, Aria came up beside him and leaned back against the wall.

"Should the committee chairwoman take a rest?"

"It's essential to take breaks in between work to make it till the end."

"Well, if you gave up in the middle it'd be chaos."

Hayate nodded.

“And Sherry is helping a lot. Thanks to her I can take breathers.”

“Hmm...”

Prompted by Aria, Hayate looked over at the center of the classroom.

There stood Sherry working hard.

“Ms. Scharlachrot, I was thinking of presenting these tea leaves in black and blend versions. Can we ask for a larger supply of it within our budget?”

“Submit an estimate of the amount you wish to order. I’ll negotiate with the supplier.”

“Is this the right way to bow when serving the tray, Ms. Scharlachrot?”

“That’d hide your appearance. I’ll show you, follow after me.”

“The ordered tea tables are still not here, Ms. Scharlachrot!”

Sherry responded to every classmate that approached her without flustering. As expected of her, who easily worked in the worker-exploiting place that was called Bury-In Café.

Sherry told the circumstances to the owner, and her part-time job shifts were reduced.

She sure is working hard.

Ever since that day, she cooperated with her classmates and energetically helped her classmates with the school festival work.

She tactfully followed up after the ignorant high-class ladies in times of trouble, and eventually, a lot of classmates relied upon her.

Naturally, Aria’s very first announcement and the fact Victoria protected Sherry also helped a lot to cover the gap between her and the others.

Hayate watched over Sherry along with Aria, but suddenly his eyes were covered by a soft sensation.

“Ha~ya~te.”

“This voice is...Kiruru?”

“Hehe, correct.”

Kiruru retracted her hands and stood in front of Hayate.

“How do I look?”

“Yeah, that is cute.”

She wore a head band with dog ears on her head and gloves that looked like dog paws. The fur on both was fluffy and looked incredibly cute. There was even a tail growing out from her hips.

“How did you attach that tail?”

“E...err, that is a secret.”

Kiruru wriggled as her cheeks blushed.

How did she attach it...?

The mystery intensified.

“It’s still incomplete, wait expectantly for the completed version...with this, I’ll win and dance with you...hehe.”

“Y-yeah. I’ll wait for it.”

Hayate replied as Kiruru entered her delusional trip mode. Naturally, his answer wasn’t heard by her.

Hayate changed his talking partner to Aria as Kiruru wouldn’t be able to hear for a while.

“So what’ll be your costume? Will it be handmade like Kiruru’s?”

“It’ll be half handmade. Miria is a metal owl, so I think I’ll wear a costume of metallic owl armour. The decorations would be handmade, and I’ll buy the armour from a shop.”

“I see.”

“The class is also divided between the handmade faction and the ready-made faction. The latter’s costumes should arrive at any moment.”

As soon as Aria spoke, the door of the classroom opened, and Victoria



entered holding a somewhat large box and headed towards Hayate quickly.

“My costume is finally completed!”

“I-I see. That’s great.”

“I’ll get changed, so please wait for a bit.”

Her finger pointed at Hayate, and after being ordered, he reflexively nodded. Victoria saw his response, and she exited the classroom for a while from the same place that she had entered.

“Victoria seems to be in high spirits.”

“Maybe she couldn’t bear to wait any longer and wished to show you the costume?”

After a while, Victoria returned wearing her cosplay costume.

“Sorry to have kept you waiting!”

“Ugh!”

Hayate glanced at Victoria and raised a grumble, stepping away from her.

Her attire was ridiculously pleasing and intoxicating to the eyes as her costume was only a leather belt wrapped around her body.

“What is this full-body belt?!”

“What? It’s a costume modeled after Lindis, it’s even made from the finest quality snakeskin!”

It was easily understandable how Victoria looked at her Servant from her sentence.

“No, but you see...”

Her costume covered the important parts, but the tightened belt enhanced the flesh around it —especially that of her boobs and thighs—which made it difficult for Hayate to look at her directly.

“How would you rate me, Hayate?”

“Rate...eh...”

“It’s good...and stimulating.” Hayate blushed and replied as he repeatedly glanced at Victoria and held his nose.

“Really! Well, that’s the natural outcome!”

Victoria nodded, satisfied. It appeared she’d start laughing „hohoho“ at any time now.

“You are always on full throttle Victoria, eh.”

“...I can’t lose. I need to increase the exposure of my costumes...”

Aria —and now-sane Kiruru— muttered as such looking at prideful Victoria.

“Hayate!”

While the three were overwhelmed by Victoria in various meanings, Sherry made her way towards

Hayate and lightly pulled his ears.

“Ow! Ow! Ow!”

“How dare you only let your master work? Why are you embarrassed and blushing?”

“I’m not!”

Hayate pleaded, but Sherry paid him no heed and continued to pull his ear while glaring at Victoria.

“...I feel that costume resembles your fighting spirit Ms. Victoria?”

“Naturally, I wish for the Servant Café to succeed, but my real aim is the best prize.”

“So you want to wear the Moonlight Dress? Do you have a man that you want to invite for a dance?”

“That is...”

Victoria sent a glance to Hayate for a second.

“Well, I see no reason to tell it right now. It’s a surprise for when I win.”

“Oh...but I also want to wear the Moonlight Dress. You think I’ll let you win?”

Sherry said, to which Victoria replied with a snort.

“So it’s a battle I see. Let’s see who’ll win the right to dance with „him.”

“Get on with it.”

“I-I won’t lose!”

“chuckle, it’s a competition with the Moonlight Dress as the wager...What’ll be your stance Aria?”

“I’ll just go along with the flow.”

“Well then please await the fun on the festival day.”

Victoria receded from Sherry’s vision after a bold war declaration that was complemented by a loud haughty laughter.

“Why must I suffer against these troublesome rivals...geez, I need to adjust my costume upon going back...”

“You can act as serious as you want, but let me go first~.”

Hayate pleaded for his pulled ear, and Sherry finally released her fingers.

“Now that I remember, I’ve got work for you Hayate.”

Apparently, she had wanted to request him to do something, but she had seen Hayate blushing to Victoria in the process.

“Work?”

“What happened?”

“The ordered tea tables have yet to arrive, so I want you to go and bring them here. Also, do some shopping along the way.”

“Yes. But I don’t know the shop’s address.”

Hayate did head out with Sherry on holidays, but not enough to remember the location of each shop. It’d be fine if the shop were situated on the road leading to Bury-In Café from the school.

Seeing Hayate in distress Aria rose her hand.

"I'll go along with you. There should be quite a few packages, and Miria can help us."

"Kyururu."

Miria cried as though emphasizing to leave the work to her.

"...I'm not free, so it can't be helped."

In truth, Sherry was against Hayate going out with another woman, but considering the situation, she reluctantly nodded.

Sherry gave them a note written with the items that needed to be purchased, and then Hayate and Aria left the school.

"It's my first time going out alone with Hayate."

Aria talked happily, walking through the streets.

"Well yeah. Normally I'm always with Sherry."

"Oh, you sure sing praises about her."

"Eh? No, I don't..."

"Really?"

Aria peeked at Hayate's face from below while giggling.

"Then come to my room alone sometimes. I'll keep you company?"

"...At what price? I'd rather not go there."

"Don't speak ill of me, I'll just touch your body here and there a little bit. In return, you can feel my body wherever you would like for however long you want."

"Yeah, no!"

Hayate reminded himself with a loud voice and entered the first shop.

"Let's take the tea tables at the end. Miria can carry the rest of it in a bag."

"Miria sure is strong."

"Kyurururu."

As Hayate praised it, the mechanical owl perched upon Aria's shoulder flapped its wings gleefully.

"Miria, we're inside a shop."

"Kyururu..."

Miria was dejected after being rebuked.

"It sure is full of emotions."

"Isn't

it

cute?"

"Yes

indeed."

"Kyurururu."

It was truly abundant with emotions.

Like that the group moved around the shops at a favorable pace and collected the requested items.

"Kyururu."

Miria left Aria's shoulder to carry the load, and held several bags with its unexpectedly powerful legs and flew in the air.

"You two really saved me."

Hayate expressed his gratitude to one person and an animal as he was pushing a carriage loaded with four tea tables.

"You don't have to thank me, I suggested this myself. And Miria is the one holding most of the bags."

Aria replied with a smile.

"...On that subject, why did you choose Miria for your Servant?"

"Mm? Why do you ask?"

“Well, the Hexenritters tend to want a powerful Servant, don’t they? I understand you are not interested in ranking or fighting, but there is no harm in obtaining a stronger one.”

Like the previous time, the quests may be life-threatening. It wasn’t all happy-go-lucky, and as such there was a need to fight.

“Well, Hayate doesn’t know what a summoning ritual is about.”

“Yep.”

Hayate revised Aria’s remark.

“Then let me start explaining from there. The all-purpose summoning circle present in the cathedral inside the Academy is used for the ritual. You know that building to the north of the premises.”

“That archaic one.”

Although Hayate had not entered there, he did know about the slightly archaic building present on the northern side of the student dorms.

It was the cathedral.

“Speaking briefly, all students perform the summoning ritual in that cathedral. And a Servant with compatible aptitude with the summoner appears from the summoning circle. This is the fundamental of summoning.”

“Hmm...but I was summoned right inside Sherry’s room though?”

“Your case is way too special to be explained.”

“I see. But what exactly is that aptitude thing?”

“...It’s difficult to tell. So to say, it’d be something like a materialized form of every individual’s soul maybe.”

“Soul...”

“Yes. The personality, likes, dislikes, ambitions, and deficiencies are all taken into consideration, and the Servant is summoned to either fulfill them or fill the lacking areas.”

“Hmm.”

It fulfills the ambitions, and fills up the deficiencies, eh?

So Hayate was summoned under Sherry, to fulfill her absurd dreams? It was a probable reason.

“Kyurururu.”

Aria spoke as she patted Miria’s back who cried out while carrying their luggage.

“When Miria first appeared I agreed with the choice. This child certainly was a perfect fit for me.”

“Perfect?”

“Yep. I hated fights, and Miria could research things by itself. It’s the perfect Servant for an aspiring scholar like me.”

Hayate started hearing Aria’s dream she spoke nonchalantly.

“Scholar as in a Demonic Beast Scholar just like your cousin?”

“No. I want to major in Servantology. Servants, like Demonic Beasts, are quite mysterious in of themselves. No one knows where they come from nor how they are born. I want to unravel the mystery about them in future.”

It was easily understood that her dream was one she was determined in pursuing for a long time just by looking at her clear and resolute eyes.

“I knew you were a Servant maniac...but people aspiring to be scholars might be a rarity. Even Rinne said so. But then again, there might be a difference in Demonic Beastology and Servantology.”

“...No. Not many people choose the road of the scholar, no matter the subject, especially the nobles, considering their social appearance and the hopes of their parents.”

A melancholic smile swept past her face.

She was probably thinking about the hardships she might have dealt with in the past.

For a while, only the sound of a cart being pushed was heard between the

two of them.

“...Why did you choose to become a scholar?”

Aria’s way of speaking made it obvious that her parents opposed her dream. If she only loved Servants, she could have been a Hexenritter, since they stayed next to a Servant all day. That wouldn’t have been a problem.

Despite that, for what reason did she want to become a scholar?

“The reason, eh...”

Aria couldn’t reply at once to his question.

She stopped her feet, looked up into the air, either unintentionally or deliberately, and continued to stare at something afar.

Then,

“Admiration and atonement, I guess...”

Admiration and atonement?

The former made sense, but what about the latter?

“What do you...”

“Ah!”

At that point Aria’s expression became frantic, and she brought her vision back to Hayate.

“Err, yeah...I want to become a scholar because of Sis Rin.”

“Rinne?”

“Yes. She had helped and played with me a lot since my childhood...”

Aria reminisced about the past while walking.

“Sis Rin had been walking down her path of Demonic Beast Research. Despite her young appearance, she had achieved various accomplishments. However her family didn’t agree with her chosen dream, and she mostly dropped by my place after running away from home after a spat with her parents.”



“...”

It was obvious for a noble girl to become a Hexenritter...that was the common sense of this world.

Hayate still couldn't support that sort of thinking.

“Then once I asked her, „Why did you not aim to become a Hexenritter“?”

According to her,

“ „—There are various ways to fight. I'm not talented to become a Hexenritter, so I chose a path that would turn my accomplishments into other people's backup. It'd be a great help for other people if I researched the Demonic Beasts and they made battle or escape plans based on my results that I would spread to the masses—“ ”

“ „—And so I chose this route.” Sis Rin smiled as she said those words. It was at that time I became aware of my desire to become a scholar.”

Aria looked up at the sky with her hands linked behind her head, reminiscing about the past. The bags filled with luggage made a swoosh sound.

Demonic Beastology was a subject that researched the ecology of Demonic Beasts. The best option for them was to get hold of a live sample. However, only Witches with magical energy superior to normal people and inferior to that of nobles selected such research-related work as their profession. Despite that, a regular Witch might be able to capture and weaken the beasts, but researching them upfront wasn't possible. And so, Demonic Beast research had been at a standstill.

Even though Rinne wasn't superior as a Hexenritter, she possessed the power of an average Hexenritter.

With just her inclusion in the scholars' ranks, the research moved hundreds of times further ahead.

“Rinne is a nice person.”

“What did you think of her until now?”

“A bigger pervert than you.”

“Why am I the base standard for perverts? How mean~”

Aria laughed as though it didn’t concern her much.

Hayate followed suit, and Miria cried out.

“But, I had misunderstood Rinne. I didn’t know she was such a good person.”

“Yes. Sis Rin is a good person. Unfortunately, despite her feats in Demonic Beastology she has

accomplished by herself, her family doesn’t accept her...”

“I see.”

Apparently, it was a harsh road if one chose to not become a Hexenritter.

“But, Rinne has you and her daughter, right?”

Hayate spoke as he recalled the photograph in Aria’s room.

Those two would be her comrades no matter what...Hayate spoke such thoughts, but Aria cast her eyes down.

“Sis Rin’s daughter...Eris was caught up in an accident that occurred in the past during one of the experiments on Demonic Beasts.”

“...!”

Hayate realized how careless his statement was, making him close his mouth.

“Naturally, Sis Rin was depressed. She shut herself inside her room and didn’t eat or drink anything for days. I went to see her after my lessons, but it was of no help...”

Aria spoke as she remembered that time.

“So that happened...but, seeing that she is able to work as a scholar means she was able to get over her depression, right?”

“Get over...eh.”

Aria eyes turned distant.

“I don’t know about that...but one day she suddenly left the room and went

back to her research, even more vigorously than ever before.”

“I see.”

It was unknown what made Rinne get back into research, but this was a great thing to do. She was still able to study to help the masses even after such a painful accident.

And admiring her, Aria too aimed to become a scholar.

“I now know why you admire Rinne. Sorry I called you two perverts.”

“I don’t mind it. Rather, we’d been given weird looks from the surroundings ever since we aimed to become a scholar.”

“Why? It is such a great dream.”

“Eh?”

Aria eyes opened wide at Hayate unexpected response.

“Did I say something weird?”

“Well...It’s the first time someone said it was great to become a scholar.”

“...Why? Isn’t it splendid?”

Hayate tilted his head in response to Aria’s surprise.

“Like I said, it was natural for noble girls to become Hexenritters, and the ones that go rogue are called various things.”

“Hmm.”

As always, my sense is not aligned with common sense...

He didn’t know if it was because of his amnesia, but sometimes Hayate’s thoughts just don’t line up with those of Sherry, Aria, and the others.

But it would at most get him to thinking „huh?“ and not „I’m the one wrong.’

Thus,

“I’ll root for you.”

Hayate declared his honest feelings to Aria.

Hearing those words Aria blushed, hanging her head down.

“...Thank you. I’m glad you said that.”

“Is that so? Well, I do know about your Servant mania. I’m sure you’d become a good scholar.”

“chuckle, so how about coming to my room next time?”

“Heck no!”

“Ahaha.”

Aria laughed it off and stretched her hands towards the sky, maybe it was supposed to be a joke from the start.

“Maybe I should also aim for the Moonlight Dress.”

“You want to win? I see no problem with it.”

“Ahaha. Blockhead!”

“?”

“We already have loitered around too much, let’s head back quickly.”

Aria began trotting, leaving Hayate behind. He was moving the cart so he couldn’t run.

“Wait a bit.”

Hayate followed after Aria in haste.

At that time, her monologue reached his ears, riding upon the winds blowing.

“But, that time I was actually...”

The sound was muddled with regret.

Huh? Now that I think about it.

Hayate realized.

The words that started the conversation. Aria’s murmur.

She told me about the „Admiration“...then what about „Atonement“?

Sadly, the two arrived at the Academy before he could ask her about it. The luggage was checked at the entrance gate. After being granted permission, he entered the Academy and headed towards the classroom.

“Well then, how much of the preparations have been done?” “I wonder.”

Hayate set aside the cart loaded with tea tables on the wall right beside the entrance and opened the door.

And looked at the state the classroom was in—and stiffened.

“Ha-Hayate!?”

“Ah, ugh.”

Victoria’s face stiffened with shock and Kiruru swayed as her face blushed and eyes turned round.

It was only obvious reaction...after all they were naked.

And it wasn’t just them, but most of the students of Rivaldi Classroom were naked. The number of naked bodies etching into Hayate’s retina kept on increasing. He had apparently returned when everyone was changing clothes.

“Kyaaaaaaaaa!!”

Some seconds later the screams of several naked girls pierced through Hayate’s eardrum.

“Hayate! Wh-what are you thinking, coming in here right now!?”

Victoria yelled, hiding her breasts somehow with her two hands. However, she could only hide the nipples, the rest was bare. The two hills shivered slightly every time she moved and were getting sweaty, maybe because of embarrassment.

“H...Hayate.”

As for Kiruru, she was absentminded like that one time in the public bath and even forgot to cover her front. Her face was redder than a boiled octopus, and her legs shivered.

As for Sherry,

“You seem to have an unfortunate affinity at grasping the right times to come in.”

She lamented for her manservant—naturally with somewhat red cheeks—with a surprised voice.

Obviously, she too was stark naked. But maybe because she was already used to showing him her naked body that she didn’t even try to cover her nipples. She placed her hands on her hip, standing in a grandiose manner.

However...just because she was fine didn’t mean other female students were okay with showing their nude bodies to men...

“.....”

“F...Forgive me, pretty please?”

Hayate raised both of his hands as he announced his submission to the girls who were glaring at him as though he was their parents’ murderer.



However, there was no way he'd be forgiven.



"Ow ow."

"It's good you were only slapped and thrown out of the room."

"Care about me more."

"Sorry but my policy is to never spoil a manservant."

No matter what, Hayate was the one at fault.

Aria advised to take Hayate out of the classroom and roam around until everyone's anger calmed down.

Thus, Sherry and Hayate were walking around in the academy corridors.

"Still, it's a good thing you're motivated for the school

festival." He spoke to Sherry walking away from him.

"Well, you did suggest me to. ...Moreover, I'm powerless compared to you, and only become a dead weight in examinations or quests. So If I even lack motivation in these meager tasks you would give up on me."

Sherry replied in a self-derogatory tone mixed with bitter laugh.

"Listen here, you."

Hayate sighed, infuriated.

In response to his sigh, Sherry stopped in her tracks and looked towards him.

"Who gives a damn about that. Whether you are powerful or otherwise, I'd still protect you."

"Hayate..."

Sherry was overcome by emotion and was about to say something before a third wheel entered.

"Hey, you two."

"Rinne?"



Called out by a familiar voice the two turned around.

“...What happened to your face?”

Rinne knit her brows at just a glance at Hayate’s face.

“Well, stuff happened...”

“I see. Well whatever, it’s great I found you two here. I got work.”

“For us?”

“Yes. Come with me.”

Hayate and Sherry, wondering what it might be, and followed Rinne.

They have led to the empty dorm room lent to her during her stay at the school.

“Wow, that’s a ridiculous amount of books.”

“I brought some, but most of them are what I borrowed from here.”

Hayate winced at the mountains of books that pierced the heavens.

Meanwhile, Sherry took one of the books.

“These books are prohibited borrowing...”

“I’ll return them later.”

“But—”

“No need to worry, at all.”

Sherry was stumped against the nonchalant Rinne.

Her personality was pretty much happy-go-lucky.

“So what work did you have?”

Sherry asked, pulling herself together.

“I want to ask about the relationship between you two.”

“Manservant and Slave, what about it?”

“...That was just a joke. I wanted to ask about your relationship as a

Hexenritter and Servant.”

“What?”

“You two differ greatly from normal Hexenritters and Servants. Being a scholar, it certainly intrigues me, and who knows what effect it would leave on future Hexenritters. So, I just wanted to ask you some questions.”

“In that case, we’d answer to the best of our abilities.”

“Thank you Sherry. I also want to ask Hayate, so tell me as much as you know.”

“Y-yes.”

Although it was only Rinne, hearing scholar-esque topics beforehand had tensed him. It’d be fine if she didn’t ask anything complex.

“Then, for the first thing—”

Rinne asked the two questions as though she were chatting with them.

The questions were about, their normal diet, stuff they felt during training or examinations—the questions were easier than he expected, and even Hayate was able to answer them. Otherwise Rinne’s voice was soothing enough to release the tension from him.

However...

“Do you ever felt anything different in the Wand and Seele other than the obvious power and ability increase?”

“Yes...it is extremely exhilarating when Hayate’s takes the sword out.”

“Ugh!”

“Hmm, what’d you compare it to?”

“That’d be hard. It’s the best feeling I’ve ever felt, it feels like my spine shivered.”

“Well okay. Then what about...”

“Cut this topic!”

...Hayate pleaded to not talk about these subjects.

“Ahaha.”

Rinne laughed at Hayate’s reaction—and suddenly changed the topic.

“By the way, you summoned Hayate without using the general summoning circle, right?”

“Yes,”

“Do you remember where the summoning circle is?”

“...It was in the Grimoire left by my late grandmother.”

If I remember correctly she did say I was summoned by a somewhat „special“ summoning circle.

Hayate recalled the first conversation he had when he was summoned to her room.

“You know where that Grimoire comes from?”

“Even when our family fell from nobility and lost our wealth and power, grandmother still protected it.

I’ve heard it was a family heirloom passed down in our Scharlachrot Family for generations.”

“So, how much of that Grimoire have you read?”

“...Not very much, to be honest. After failing a couple of times in summoning rituals, I flipped through its pages for a breather, and it was at that point I saw a summoning circle different from the Academy’s general use one. I gathered the words I could read and research it.”

Rinne stroked her chin as she heard Sherry’s talk...

“Can you lend me that Grimoire?”

“Eh...?”

At the abrupt request Sherry showed her rare perplexed expression.

She was probably hesitating from giving her grandmother’s memento to

other people.

Rinne continued, seeing Sherry's hesitation.

"If I'm not wrong, you two don't have a Line connecting you two, right?"

The Line was a supply route that existed between a Hexenritter and a Servant to supply magical energy. It wasn't visible to naked eyes, but the two were always connected to it. That important thing wasn't present between Sherry and Hayate.

"His shape is undoubtedly human. There is no line. Even his weapon is called Seele and not Wand, and it also possesses power far above than that of Wands. The necessary condition to take out the Seele is to overlap the two symbols... you two are really different from normal Hexenritters and Servants."

"Yes we already know. What about that?"

"If you two are different, then the things between Hexenritters and Servants must also be different, or else it'd be strange—or so I little "!"

Sherry's eyes opened wide hearing Rinne's words. Different from normal?

Hayate was puzzled, not able to find the true meaning.

"Practically speaking, you two might have a different way of fighting. Hayate, you are strong enough...thus Sherry needs to learn how to fight in the right way. I'm sure you two will become even stronger."

"..."

Sherry appeared to be calm and composed, but Hayate could easily hear the sound of her gulping.

"So, if you showed that Grimoire to me, I might find something to help you two, only if you are fine with me trying to decipher it, that is."

Rinne peeked at Sherry from down as she bent forward.

After a couple of seconds, Sherry agreed to her request.

## Chapter 3 – Servant Café

The Servant costumes of Sherry and the others were completed the day before the School Festival.

“Opus Magus if I do say so myself.”

“Opus Magus...is it?”

“You got a problem with my costume?”

“A major issue...”

Hayate spoke, covering his face with hands to cover the extreme blush dyeing his cheeks red.

Sherry’s costume was the reason for his actions.

“Why is it so revealing?”

Hayate peeked from between his fingers, the somewhat of cloth covering her nearly created the illusion of her being stark naked. There was even a neck collar made of dragon scales from which a chain hung downwards.

“This is the costume based upon a slave’s and manservant’s clothes. It can’t be helped.”

Sherry replied nonchalantly, crossing her arms as if to emphasize her breasts. The chain hanging down sank inside the cleavage of her breasts and looked incredibly lewd. In fact, all of it was lewd.

“To be honest I thought of wearing a collar while naked, but Aria stopped me. Also, it’d be too indecent for a café, so I had to resort to these incomplete slave clothes.”

Should I praise Aria or rebuke her for agreeing to this more-erotic-than-nakedness costume...

He thought she’d disguise herself as a man, but, unexpectedly, she got herself a slave outfit. He believed he had grown accustomed to her speech and actions; however, this broke his delusions.

“So, how is it? Tell me your opinions.”

“Sexy.”

Hayate spoke without a second's delay.

“You are finally losing your hesitation.”

“Just because I didn't hesitate doesn't mean I don't feel ashamed of you.”

“You've even seen me naked. What's the problem with this?”

Sherry uncrossed her arms. The breasts lost their support, and abiding by the laws of gravity, sank down and created great waves. Don't shake them in that costume! Who knows when your costume would slip!

Hayate howled within his mind and realized his eyes were affixed to the shaking breasts of Sherry.

“So your costume is also completed.”

Victoria walked towards us and inspected Sherry's costume from top to bottom, evaluating it.

“I was wondering what you'll wear, but this is just a disappointment. At this rate, the Moonlight Dress is as good as mine.”

Victoria smiled slightly. Her costume had changed somewhat from before with lots of added ornaments and an exposed navel. She must've tried her best to compete against Sherry.

On the other hand, Sherry gazed at her with a cold and annoyed face, “This costume represents our bond.

It's different from your superficial one.” She rarely spoke in such a provocative manner.

Well...we certainly are bound by such a contract, but that revealing costume doesn't do it justice!

Hayate blushed for a different reason now. Victoria and Sherry confronted each other using verbal attacks while Hayate stood right in between them, bearing the brunt of both sides.

“This dress is a top-grade item made by a professional craftsman of our Verde Family. The quality is levels above your hand-sewn rag.”

“I see. Did you know, love bought from money has got a maximum limit? I can break through it without relying on money.”

“So, you accept your defeat?”

“I never said that.”

“You did.”

“Have your ears checked.”

“Wait! You’re both crushing me!!”

The two attacked while steadily decreasing the distance between. Naturally, Hayate being in the center was sandwiched between their voluptuous bodies.

It feels like soft rice cakes have covered my whole body...!

Here *bouncy* there *bouncy*.

The flexible, young, enticing bodies of the girls assaulted Hayate.

If he let go of himself, he’d sink in the sea of bodies.

“Hayate!”

“!”

Right at that time, someone grabbed the collar of Hayate’s uniform and pulled him out quickly from between the two bodies, before he stumbled and fell to the ground.

“Are you fine!? P-please, be alive!”

“K-Kiruru, eh...”

Hayate said the name of his savior. She must’ve jumped to grab him considering she was quite short.

Thanks to that she was able to forcefully pull him out.

“T-that saved me. Thanks.”

“Don’t mind it.”

Kiruru laughed idiotically. She currently wore the dog ears, tails and paws she showed before along with a costume exposing her navel, shoulders, and thighs. They all felt soft to touch just like a real dog’s fur, and this complemented her cuteness.

“Ah, um, you’ll embarrass me if you stare too much.”

Sensing Hayate’s gaze on her body, Kiruru blushed like a tomato and curled her body. Her navel and thighs were exposed, but compared to Sherry or Victoria’s level this could still be called cute. Rather, it suited her way too much, bringing out her small animalistic cuteness.

“There’s nothing to be embarrassed about. You’re cute.”

“Ehh~~. Hehe. Thank you very much.”

Kiruru showed a bright smile, shaking slightly.

Victoria and Sherry pouted upon hearing Hayate’s and Kiruru’s conversation. “How about you let go of Hayate already Kiruru?”

“Yes, it is cowardly to snatch other people’s stuff!”

*gasp*

Kiruru gasped when she saw two scary faces appear in front of her.

Aria suddenly dashed in gallantly to save her childhood friend.

“Well, calm down both of you.”

The girl intervening was clad in thin metal armour which had owl wings affixed on its back.

Many parts of the armour were removed and in its stead embellished with thin silk cloth to create a cute costume resembling an owl.

This can’t even be called armour...It’ll be of no help in a real battle. Oh well, it works just fine for cosplay purposes...

Aria lent a hand to Kiruru helping her stand up and suddenly winked at Hayate.



“How is my costume?”

“I thought a metal armour would be more boorish, but this is more...”

“Sexy?”

“Y-yeah.”

“*chuckle*, all the hard work was worth it if you think that way.”

“...?”

Is it my imagination or has Aria’s attitude towards me been changing as of late? Hayate only felt that way, but couldn’t pinpoint how it was different.

Anyhow, the costumes had been completed, and the long desk and benches were replaced by tea tables and sofas, which completely changed the classroom into a café interior.

“The preparations for the Servant Café are finally done, despite some troubles along the way. It’s still too early to congratulate everyone. We have prepared to the best of our abilities, so let’s do our best in the main event tomorrow too!”

The classroom became excited hearing Aria’s gratitude and encouragement. They were happy to have surpassed the hardships of the preparations till today and were all eager to challenge the main event tomorrow. Aria encouraged the classmates for a while, but having sensed that the excitement was calming down, she clapped her hands.

“All the preparations are finished. We should practice serving customers for tomorrow. Some may find their movements limited to their costumes, so get used to it!”

Till today everyone had trained under Sherry’s orders, but still, the costumes of the girls were quite quirky. Just as Aria said, some might find it difficult to move freely in their costumes, so it was a good idea to train for one last time before the real deal.

The classmates nodded at Aria, to which she also replied with a soft nod.

“Let’s have Hayate play the role of guest for today.”

“Yeah.....WHAT!?”

Hayate raised a surprised voice after the sudden nomination.

“Why me? Weren’t you always doing that among yourselves?”

“Tomorrow fathers and brothers of students would come. Our classmates are quite ignorant of worldly matters and easily embarrassed by men, so it’ll be better to practice with a man beforehand.”

“Ah...well...that’s a valid point.”

The female students in this Academy held prejudice against men more or less with Victoria being an extreme case. Due to that, there was a possibility of them making weird mistakes when serving males.

Aria pays attention to even the tiniest of details.

“Okay, I’ll help.”

“Thanks. Everyone start preparing in turns.”

As such under the orders of Aria, the practice serving of a male customer ensued within the classroom.

...

“Here is your order, sir.”

A fairy-costume-wearing girl smiled gently as she poured black tea for Hayate. As she bent forward, Hayate caught a glance of her breasts peeking out of her dress, but he averted his gaze before she could notice.

“Thank you.”

Hayate immediately thanked her to hide the fact he had glanced at her breasts. However, Aria stopped him.

“Hayate, try to reply like a smart and dignified noble man, or this training will be for naught.”

“Eh? Err, thank you miss.”

Hayate tried to reply as smart and dignified noble person he could imagine.

Seeing that, the girl in fairy costume giggled.

“Please relax and have a fun time.”

She bowed politely and left the place, immediately heading towards Sherry to ask about her current performance, for which she got a seal of approval and heaved a sigh of relief.

Hayate too sighed as he watched the scene.

It’s tiring to play the customer role by myself.

Hayate accompanied the girls for a couple of hours in their training, and finally, he stretched his body to release the tension from his muscles. Since he sat on a top grade sofa, his butt and waist didn’t ache at all, but still, he was starting to feel tired and didn’t want to drink anymore tea.

This practice was to get used to serving male customers, so there were no substitutes for Hayate. He had no choice but to give his best for the success of Servant Café.

Now then...

Hayate raised his head to see the next practicing partner.

“...!”

“Oh, so it’s you Kiruru. Do your best.”

“Thank you very much!”

Kiruru stood beside Hayate with a tomato red face. Her hands lifted a basket with cookies and a tea set.

“What are those cookies?”

The snacks till now had been A-grade items bought from shops, but Kiruru’s cookies seemed to scream handmade items.

“I baked them myself.”

“Hmm, that’s wonderful.”

Making sweets was a female skill fit for a girl like Kiruru. In fact, even Sherry was great at cooking, but for some reason, it always felt erotic because she gave the feeling of a young wife making food for her husband.

“I’ll brew your tea, sir.”

“You okay with those paws?”

Kiruru wore soft furry paws that created problems in grabbing and holding the pot.

“It’s fine. I can hold it with both hands like this.”

As such Kiruru safely filled the cup. She must’ve practiced hard for the Servant Café.

“Thank you, miss.”

Hayate showed his gratitude in the grandiose tone he’d learned entirely in just a day of training. His skills increased gradually, and unbeknownst to him, his face also had a poised expression on it. Others could see stars sparkling in the background behind him.

“Haaau!”

*clank.*

Kiruru flustered hearing his reply and nearly dropped the pot from her hands.

“Oi, are you really fine?”

“Heh, yes.”

Swiftly adjusting the position of the pot, she waved her hands, appealing no problem was there.

Hayate was relieved as the person herself said she was okay and finally took a sip of the tea she had poured.

“Wow, miss” tea is delicious.”

“Haaau!”

*clang!*

Kiruru again almost dropped the pot.

“...Are you really fine?”

“Yes! ...But can I ask you to talk casually with me?”

“Well if that’s what you want.”

Hayate’s demeanour changed to casual as requested. Relieved from the change, Kiruru patted her chest and took out the cookie-filled basket.

“I’ll now feed you these cookies, sir.”

“Um? I can do that myself...”

“It is a part of our services!”

“Really?”

She emphasized in an assertive tone, which was rare for her, to which Hayate agreed, thinking it was only practiced for the real performance.

“Okay, go ahead then.”

“Yes! Err...huh?”

Kiruru tried to pick up a cookie enthusiastically, but her paws made it hard to grab them.

I see. So she had already practiced pouring tea with those gloves on, but not for the cookies. No wonder, she only baked them yesterday.

Hayate waved his hands implying to not force herself.

“Don’t worry. I’ll take it myself.”

“No!”

“Huh?”

“Ugh...I can’t win like this.”

Despite her fruitless efforts, she kept on trying, but however many times she attempted to pick the cookie up, it’d fall from her hands.

She wants the first prize this badly?

As Hayate’s admiration for her hard-working self increased, she abruptly

stopped her hands. She gawked at the cookie for a while and for some reason stuffed it in her mouth.

“Kiruru?”

“Please eat it.”

Kiruru bit into one side of the cookie and offered the other end to Hayate. Please eat it, was what she meant to say.

“Ehhh!?”

A surprised voice rose from Hayate’s throat in regards to her bold move.

“Now then (Now then).”

Kiruru’s expression remained sincere. Her cheeks blushed with beautiful vermillion, clearly indicating that she was embarrassed, yet her eyes reflected an undeniable resolution. It seemed that she was fine even if their lips touched if Hayate took the cookie.

Her eyes resemble whenever she’s in her delusions...

Kiruru frequently ventured far into her delusional worlds, not returning for extended periods of time. Her eyes would lose their sanity in those moments, as they did now.

“Hehehe.”

A strange laughter escaped from the space between her lips and cookie...just what was she deluding herself into. Hayate disregarded that matter for the moment, for he feared he’d have to eat the cookie from her mouth if the situation progressed any further.

At that moment, “What are you trying to do in front of everyone!?” Victoria widened her eyes in anger, bellowing like a madman, and pushing aside Kiruru.

*“muffled sounds”*

Kiruru’s head was forced down on the sofa, but her speech remained incoherent. Apparently, she had traveled pretty deep inside her brain. She most likely hadn’t realized her face was pushed away at the moment.

“Um...so you are the next person, Victoria?”

“Yes, of course.”

Aria took away the still-delusional Kiruru, while Hayate focused on his next practice partner, Victoria.

“Here is your black tea, sir.”

“O-okay.”

He averted his eyes as he gently nodded.

He was sitting on the sofa, and she stood in front of him. Naturally, she had to bow down while pouring the tea in the cup, thus revealing various places from the gaps of her risqué dress, which made it difficult for him to stare at her.

“I must cool it down before you may partake, sir.”

Imitating the experience she had learned from Berry-In Café to cool down hot drinks, she stooped further and brushed up her side hair, wrapping them around her ear so as to not hinder her work.

“...!”

Simultaneously, a pink circular button-shaped object glanced out from between the gaps of the belt.

“Is there any problem?”

“No, nope, not at all.”

Hayate waved his hands in front of his face to dodge her question. However, seemingly dubious about his actions Victoria’s eyebrows rose up.

“You are too suspicious...”

“What? No...I was just surprised how calmly you were serving me, considering how scared of men you were when we first met.”

“I-I have never been scared of anything. Ever.”

Her bluff was extremely easy to see-through...

“Well, I’m happy that this means we are friends now.”

“T-Then, be grateful for my arduous effort to cool down your tea and be glad you’ll be able to drink it...Kya!!”

Victoria extended the cup to Hayate in a fluster to hide her embarrassment, but, unfortunately, the black tea spilled onto his trousers.

“Ahhh!”

“A-Are you alright?!”

Regardless of her outstanding performance she finally flustered and erred.

“Fret not, I was not burned.”

“I’ll dry it immediately.”

“Eh?”

Victoria brought a slightly damp handkerchief, crouching to the side of Hayate’s crotch.

“Calm down. You don’t have to worry, okay?”

“This is a mistake I made! I-I’ll fix it myself!”

Her blushing face turned deep red as she glared at the stain on the trousers as though it killed her parents.

The blotch was in an obscene place.

“I’ll wipe it for you...”

Victoria gulped. She stretched out her hand that was holding the handkerchief towards Hayate’s trousers.

Wha-what the hell is wrong with her...?! She was wiping Hayate’s trousers as he was sitting.

Lowering his gaze a bit, he saw Victoria’s tomato-red face and the undulating breasts tightly constricted by the belt. He gulped as he looking at the obscene scene unfolding right below his eyes.

“*pant*...does it still burn?”

“It’s perfectly alright...”



“...No, let me wipe more...”

Hayate struggled to stop her, but Victoria, already panting, continued while prattling, “let me wipe more.”

“—just stop already.”

Suddenly an infuriated Sherry emerged, grabbing one of the belts covering Victoria’s body and

vigorously parted her from Hayate.

“W-what are you doing?!”

“How dare you have the gall to stop Kiruru, but do more extremely obscene acts in front of us all?”

“Ah...”

Sherry reproached Victoria, and she returned to her senses, looking about at her surroundings.

“Excuse my previous actions!”

She exclaimed loudly before departing from the room in a rush. Hayate felt relieved seeing Victoria leaving away from him, but the next moment, he asked his savior, Sherry.

“...And, you’re next?”

“The star always enters late, but why do you speak like that? I even saved you.”

“I’m grateful just for that...”

Hayate gently lowered his head; assessing Sherry’s dress from top to bottom naturally increased his pulse rate.

She’s neck to neck with Victoria in eroticism.

Should Hayate look at her with a pure heart void of all scheming, wicked and evil thoughts, Sherry would appear like a gentle and beautiful dancer wearing shiny ornaments on her dress...however, for better or worse he did not possess such a saintly heart. That is to say, his heart was that of a coward unable to accept a woman’s advances.

“Looking at you makes me worry when I’ll lose my virginity.”

“Don’t say that boldly in public!”

More so in front of all the classmates. Hayate’s sincere opinion was met with a sigh.

“Well, whatever. Sit already.”

“...Okay.”

Hayate, who had stood up with enough great momentum was forced to sit again.

“Here is your first flush made from hand-picked excellent tea leaves. Please have fun enjoying the tea and the exquisite aroma.”

“T-thanks...”

So she does practice seriously.

She even elucidated about the black tea. As expected of a working staff at the Berry-In Café, her information related to teas and her movements were both perfect. It was nearly flawless, to the point she might not even need to practice.

She is even more erotic than Victoria. Just where can I look without being labeled as a pervert?

Sherry called it an incomplete and unfinished costume, but for Hayate, it couldn’t become any more slave-ish—or rather the surface of the cloth couldn’t decrease anymore, right?!—was the only thought going through his mind.

“How is the taste, sir?”

“It tastes amazing.”

“I’m pleased for your feedback.”

It was pretty obvious that she had entered her working mode, for her movements and speech were

graceful. Flustered, Hayate drank the tea while blushing. Sherry extended

something in his direction.

It was a chain.

“...What is this?”

“My chain.”

“I meant...what is it for?”

The chain was attached to Sherry’s collar. If it were pulled fiercely, her throat would be strangled. So, why would she hand over something like that?

“Please enjoy our special service, sir.”

“Service?”

“Yes. It is my idea. Please hold onto this for the time being.”

“...”

Hayate warily took the chain because she had forcibly presented it to him.

“Please stand up.”

“Why?”

“You would understand if you please stood up.”

“...”

Hayate felt a bad premonition but guessed it wouldn’t be anything extreme if all it took was him standing up, and so he did. Sherry gently pulled him, and he escaped to a slightly wider space compared to from between the table and sofa.

“So what exactly is the service you thought of?”

“Strolling.”

“Strolling? What?”

“Yes.”

“Huh?”

Before Hayate could explicitly ask, Sherry got on all fours and looked at him like a cute dog. The dumbfounded Hayate’s hand held the chain. Meanwhile,

Sherry took on a pose of a chain-bound dog.

Naturally, it felt like taking a dog for a walk. Wait, not that!

“You may take me for a walk around the school, sir.”

“As if! What sort of punishment is this?!”

Nearly overcome by anger, he almost pulled the chain vigorously, but remembering it might injure Sherry, he restrained. Instead, his grip increased in strength, to the point his hands were trembling.

“I believe it is a splendid service for you to take me for a walk?”

“Yes it is, but not for a café!”

This service was obviously limited to adult shops. Moreover, it was certainly for a minority of people, interested in such strange fetishes.

“Sherry?! What are you doing in the classroom!?”

“How dare you do something so envious—I mean indecent?!”

Victoria and Kiruru, who had returned to the classroom and reality, respectively, joined up against Sherry.

However, Kiruru’s words were suspicious.

“You got a problem? It’s my free will to become his pet or whatever.”

“That reason is unacceptable! I won’t buy it!”

“Me too.”

“Sigh...who would’ve guessed a female pervert with only belts covering her body would lecture me.”

“So says the real female pervert.”

“You both try to get your way around me.”

The three continued to argue.

“Well, well, calm down you three...Wah!”

Aria couldn’t watch their dispute any longer and tried to arbitrate, but

somebody's hand struck her chest and pushed her with enough momentum for her to fall.

"Shit!"

Hayate immediately jumped between Aria and the wall and cushioned her fall as they both crashed.

"Ouch ow..."

Hayate's head slammed into a tea table beside him. Grabbing the back of his head, he felt slightly dizzy.

Luckily he didn't slam right into the table, and Aria was also okay.

"Are you fine, Aria...?!"

His mouth suddenly stopped wide open part-way through the sentence. Any guy would freeze for up a moment if suddenly there appeared a pair of bare breasts in front of their eyes.

"Ah..."

Apparently the latch of the armour covering her breasts disconnected during the fall. Aria noticed her breasts and a quiet voice leaked from the crevices of her mouth, and finally, her eyes met with Hayate resulting in her petrification and a beetroot-like red face. It would be better to cover her boobs if she was so embarrassed, but her shock blanked out her mind.

"!!"

The figure of the gallant girl mediating everyone disappeared.

"Ms. Aria, how long do you plan to show your breasts to Hayate?"

"Eh! A-Ah! Yea, you're right!"

Hearing Sherry's irritated voice, Aria returned to her senses and tried to reaffix the breast armour...but her movements were clumsy from restlessness.

"Why are you dilly-dallying?! Let me help you."

"Y-yeah, thank you, Victoria."

“Geez...oh, the latch is bent...”



Victoria volunteered to help, but the latch was broken, apparently.

“Anyhow, cover your chest!”

Kiruru, unable to stand the scene any longer, covered Aria’s breasts with her paw gloves.

The three girls glued together tightly along with a guy in the small space underneath the table caused Hayate’s to suffocate from their girlish scents.

“You! Just connect already...!”

Victoria forcibly tried to connect the latch, but as she bent forward steeply, her balance was abruptly broken, and she fell onto Aria’s back.

“Kya!”

“Wah!”

“Ugh!”

As a result, Victoria and Aria, along with Kiruru, who was covering Aria’s breasts, also fell from their positions, and all of them jumbled up under the table.

“Aargh!”

It appeared as though the three were trying to squash Hayate below them.

In fact, he was actually being crushed by the chests of the three that were covering his body in various positions.

Shit! Shit! Shit! This is absolutely awkward and bad for me!

To be precise, he felt soft objects and weird things all over his body, such as someone’s breathing tickling his ears and more. The stimulation bestowed upon Hayate at the moment wasn’t good news, as in he’d lose his rationality.

“Just how dare you play with my Hayate!?”

Sherry, exasperated, also joined in. Her costume had been easy to strip from the start, and now her appearance couldn’t even be looked at straight.

The left, right, top and bottom of Hayate’s body were covered by bare skin.



Even if he closed his eyes, his skin's sensitivity increased, and the soft sensations all over his body brought forth an adverse effect. As a bonus, all the students inside the classroom gazed at them with piercing stares...

"I w-wonder what is going on under that table?!"

"It's obviously something we can't even imagine...!"

"How bold they are!"

...Like that the girls started screaming when unexpectedly the classroom door opened and entered their homeroom teacher, Lela.

"Pipe down, you bastards. I can hear your voice down the hallway."

Lela warned the students, but deliberately didn't comment on the circumstances of Hayate and the others...oh please do! Fortunately, with her arrival, the four quarreling girls got off of Hayate and started grooming their appearances as their minds slowly cooled down. They should've done so from the start...

"Ms. Schwartz, um..."

At that time several girls rushed up to Lela holding something in their hands.

"What?"

Lela responded with a cold expression.

"Please, wear this!"

"We made it for you!"

"We think it would perfectly suit you!"

"Please, definitely wear this on tomorrow's festival!"

The girls spoke one after another while handing over a black costume to Lela.

"Those girls are from the Secret Lela Fan Club."

Aria quickly recovered from her disgraceful behavior from before and whispered to Hayate. She probably wanted to emphasize that she didn't worry about it anymore. However, her ears were still red.

“Now that you say it, I remember hearing Lela has a lot of fans.”

Hayate subtly ignored her ears and proceeded forth with the topic Aria started as his eyes ever so slowly moved towards Lela, who was surrounded by fans.

“Hmm...”

Lela took the dress and unfolded it...certainly, it was a somewhat indecent costume. However, it

complemented her adult allure. She gazed at the costume for quite a while before folding it and returning it to the students.

“It’s well done. But unfortunately, I’ll have to go to the Royal Capital tomorrow along with the Chairperson. It’s the thought that matters and I’ll happily accept that.”

“I-I see...”

The secret fans appeared despondent but had already accepted the harsh reality of Lela going to the capital. After saying a couple words to them, Lela clapped her hands and gathered the attention of everyone inside the classroom.

“It’s the festival tomorrow. Don’t act without restraint and create accidents just because I won’t be here.

Make the Einherjar Festival a success, safely.”

The Rivaldi Classroom nodded altogether towards their homeroom teacher’s encouragement.



The Academy Festival day arrived.

The Einherjar Festival, named after the birthday of Artemis, the First Queen, was a traditional festival that occurred every year in the Diaspell Royal Academy since its establishment.

Various nobles and guests from all over the kingdom gathered during the

festival, toured the Academy looking at the programs every class had to offer. In the evening, after the celebration of the birth of the First Queen, there would be an after party held in the large meeting hall. It would become a place to exchange pleasantries, information and formalities with other guests. The connections built here would greatly affect the future of the students after their graduation.

Hayate wondered just how busy everyone would be during such a big festival...but unexpectedly, the turnover rate here didn't even amount to half of Berry-In Café.

Well, the young ladies in the cafeteria eat their food slowly and entertain themselves over gossip more, so maybe that's the nobles' table etiquette.

He currently wore his kitchen uniform borrowed from Berry-In Café and was washing the plates while thinking as such.

As a matter of fact, he was most worried about the previous matter of Sherry's special service, but upon inquiring about it, he was met with a favorable answer.

"Are you an idiot? That service was only for you."

That sentence made him feel relieved but also embarrassed at the same time. Her words were to show her willingness to perform such acts with him... although, she had already been saying such since long ago.

Hayate worked leisurely while lost in his thoughts, but the noble ladies, who had never worked in their lives, were having a hard time running the café.

"Where's the menu for that customer....?!"

"Oh? Does anybody know for how long this tea was being steeped...?!"

None of the students panicked. Instead, their nerves were tense doing work they were unaccustomed to, creating various small mistakes consecutively.

*break!*

"Kya! Pardon me!"

Victoria, being her usual self, portrayed a perfect example of a clumsy girl.

Regardless of the circumstances, the *Servant Café* welcomed new guests every second, and showed a good success rate.

At this rate, winning the competition may not just be a dream.

As for the first prize candidate; Victoria acted clumsily, yet that was a great appetizer in *Berry-In Café*.

Kiruru coupled with her dog costume formed an extremely cute small animal that worked hard. Aria was courteously serving the customers while entertaining and talking with them; as expected of the honours student.

“I wonder how Sherry is doing.”

Hayate surveyed around, searching for the girl, who was his master and slave.

Sherry was currently serving tea and tea time snacks to a customer.

“Thank you for the wait. This is your set of royal milk tea and cookies.”

“...”

“Sir?”

“T-thank you, lady. That is quite the costume.”

“It’s a cosplay café. Thank you for the praise. These cookies are handmade, stuffed with almond and...”

Sherry continued her explanation despite the guest being slightly perplexed.

That dress sure is impactful.

Victoria rivaled Sherry in obscenity. However, she had a pretext of cosplaying as Lindworm.

Sherry had the pretext of cosplaying as a slave, but it appeared the guest was struggling to understand that.

This could easily mean that she was excessively erotic.

Her appearance certainly left lingering impressions, but her ability to take orders was reduced by fifty percent.

Kiruru and Aria are winning candidates. Victoria is closely following them being

the clumsy girl, and Sherry is greatly losing.

Hayate pondered when unexpectedly a girl spoke in a hurried, anxious tone.

“Oh no. The tea leaves are running out!”

“Hm?”

The girls heard an inexcusable statement, and several people in the area gathered around the girl who had shouted. Naturally, Hayate too was among them.

“What’s wrong?”

“I was remaking tea after ruining one batch due to steaming them for too long, and unexpectedly had used more tea leaves than I had expected...”

“Oh my, now what?”

Hayate raised his voice; unable to watch the girls shaking nervously anymore.

“If so, I’ll just go buy more. I know the shop that wholesales tea leaves. Which leaves do I buy?”

“Um, this one.”

The girl, Myusel, froze at the sight of Hayate, but then gradually recovered and timidly handed over the bag of tea leaves, which had the brand name printed on it.

I heard she had troubled Sherry after the examination, is that why she’s so scared of me?

Hayate immediately noted down the name on a piece of paper lying around, and returned the bag.

“Fine. I’ll be right back.”

“...Okay.”

“What happened? Myusel? Hayate?”

Just as Hayate was about to leave, Aria returned and called out to them. She had already guessed a trouble arose seeing Hayate and others gathered in one

place, discussing with each other.

“One of the tea leaves are about to run out. I was about to go and buy more.”

“I see. Should I also come?”

“Is it fine not attending guests?”

“It won’t matter if one person leaves for a moment. Moreover, the families of students are venturing around the school so it might create some troubles if they spot you alone.”

“Ah, right.”

Nowadays the situation was calm, but when Hayate first appeared in the Academy, it was chaos as he attracted attention from almost everyone.

It was fine since only the students kicked up a fuss about it, but as Aria said, the relatives of every student had arrived today. If someone oblivious to Hayate’s existence were to see him, he would appear like a student wearing the uniform of an all-girls Academy. Depending on the situation, he might even be labeled as a suspicious person. In fact, Hayate awaited behind the scenes of the café because of such reasons.

“Yeah, it’d be helpful to have you cover my story.”

“Yes. And Miria will also help in carrying things.”

“Kyurururu!”

“Okay then. I’ll go and notify Sherry just in case.”

“Got it. I’ll change into school uniform too.”

Aria exclaimed and retreated to the changing room.

I wonder if I can go outside right now.

It’d be unforgivable if he became the reason for Servant Café’s bad reputation. As so, he remained still for Sherry to come around and then informed her.

“Sherry, some tea leaves are about to run out, I’m going to buy them along

with Aria.”

“I see.”

“I’ll leave as soon as she changes.”

“Hayate.”

“?”

Hayate too intended to change into his uniform but was stopped by Sherry’s call.

She articulated with her usual facial expression.

“Come back quickly.”

He wondered why she would intentionally say that “You got it,” but he replied, nonetheless.



Even after Hayate and Aria left, Sherry continued her services as usual. However, her movements seemed mechanical; she was only repeating the daily gestures she performed at the maid café. Her body moved on its own while her mind was somewhere else.

Why did I say that before...?

Those words—come back quickly.

Without saying them, Hayate would return quickly anyway. In that case, why would she actually say that?

This is bad. My heart is weakening...

But, that was something uncontrollable. Since she had been alone all this time.

She had lost her everything and had worked hard all alone to get it back. Suddenly a person she could lean on came by her side, and she couldn’t remain as she was when she was alone.

Her actions until now were taken so as to not accompany anyone and break through the troubles on her own, but now she relied on her classmates and

even remained after school to help with the Academy Festival.

She had decided to fight for her dream on her own, but along the way, she didn't want to be behind Hayate's back during fights; she wanted to fight alongside him.

For me to feel so hopeless even if he leaves me for a moment, how weak I have become.

Ever since making the blunder in that Ranking match, her heart had cracked, exposing gaps in it for anyone to easily tweak with.

She trusted he would always remain by her side, but also believed that she might be abandoned by him...and so when he said he wished to see her in the Moonlight Dress, she worked hard for the Academy Festival, using his words as the support. However, the gloominess remained etched deep inside the corners of her heart and increased daily.

The only way to wipe out these dark emotions was—

“Ms. Scharlachrot.”

“Eh?”

Sherry worked while lost in her thoughts; suddenly Orsayle, who was also serving others, called her, and her hands stopped.

As she helped in the preparations for the Academy Festival, she had become considerably open with her classmates and now easily talked with others.

“What is it?”

“Um, that customer is especially asking for you.”

“Me?”

Wondering who it might be, she looked towards the place that Orsayle pointed to; there, a familiar girl sat on the sofa and was waving her hands.

“...!”

Sherry was currently thinking about her, and right now felt surprised as though her feelings were seen through.



“Thank you, Ms. Orsayle. I’ll go and serve.”

Sherry bowed once and made way towards that girl—Rinne Blancheis.

“Miss, what is your order?”

“Then, a cake set...not that. You know the reason why I’m here.”

“That...”

Rather than know the reason, she expected for her to come.

And, Rinne spoke of the words that Sherry had long-awaited for.

“That Grimoire you gave me, the decoding is progressing.”

“ ...”

Sherry felt her heartbeat increase with each passing second.

“So...how was it?”

“So, concluding all the research, the foundation of your summoning ritual varies from that of the Academy’s. Well, there are several secrets related to normal Servants already, but the theory is mostly similar...”

“I don’t wish to hear that,” Sherry replied curtly, interrupting Rinne’s talk that would’ve lasted longer otherwise. “...Did you find a way for me to fight alongside him?”

Rinne leaked a muffled laugh as a reply to Sherry’s entreaty.

“You worry most about that? What a love.”

“Don’t jest.”

Sherry glared at Rinne with a disappointed expression.

Rinne apologized. “Right,” Saying just a single word she stopped Sherry’s breathing instantaneously.

“You wish to know right now?”

Sherry nodded wordlessly.

“Let’s change places. It’s not something to be talked about over a cup of

tea.”

“...Understood.”

Sherry“s hesitated before asking her classmates for a rest; she changed into her uniform and left the Rivaldi Classroom alongside Rinne.

“Wait for me.”

“This way.”

Sherry scuttled towards Rinne in a rush and followed her.

She wasn“t able to catch up and deluded herself to believe that her knees weren“t working properly.

In the meantime, Sherry followed Rinne“s suit and wandered to the deserted backside of the school building.

“pant, I thought we were going to your...room.”

“That would have been good, but we might have been discovered by someone on the way.”

“...?”

Sherry wondered what her words meant.

At that moment, a sound of the ground being stepped could be heard. She turned around, seeing two women, apparently relatives of some students, rushing towards her...

“!?”

She thought their contour warped abruptly. The next moment, the shadow of the bodies had turned into something profound.

Despite the unrealistic scene...Sherry understood intuitively what they were.

“Demonic Beasts...”

“Correct. You never lose your calm and composure and think rationally. Might as well try to be a scholar?”

Rinne“s flat voice seeped deep inside Sherry.

Being the quick-witted lass, Sherry was, she immediately reached the conclusion of Rinne colluding with the Demonic Beasts, leading them here; she paid no attention to the details and reasons of her actions.

“Why do you...no, how are you able to control them...”

“I’m not a teacher like Lela and not obliged to answer your every question. But—” Rinne squinted, smiling as she raised her one hand. “—you are one precious key. I’ll answer that question in simple words later.”

She gently snapped her fingers; the two shadows arrived at Sherry’s sides, extending their hands towards her.

“...Sorry.”

Sherry felt she heard Rinne’s murmurs right before getting caught in the hands of shadows.

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Several nobles from all over the country gathered for the festival, and the city of Avenir was also lit up to match the festive mood. The number of street stalls on the street increased by five times; traders from other cities had also gathered here to do business.

“Who knew we’d find a stall selling the tea leaves.”

“Thankfully you knew their actual prices, so we were able to bargain.”

Hayate and Aria scuttled about the road that was more crowded than usual, all while trying not to get separated in the sea of people.

“Let’s return quickly. Bargaining sure took a while.”

“Yeah, right.”

As the two hastened to the school, they saw Kiruru, who was sitting on a Black Dog, coming towards them.

“Hayate! Aria!”

“What happened, Kiruru?”

“The cake is also running out, so I’m here to buy it.”

Apparently, more things needed to be replenished in the stock. Since the crowd was terrible, she had used the Black Dog to search as its nose worked better than humans.

“Looks like it was a bad idea to bring the wallet filled with our festival budget. Should’ve left some back there.”

“Well, thanks to our bargaining you might be able to buy a larger cake. There’ll be no need to buy it again anytime soon.”

“The baggage would only increase; let Kuro help you.”

“Woof!”

The Black Dog barked. It showed confidence.

“Kyurururu!”

In response to the barks, the miming, perched on Aria's shoulder, spread out its wings and cried.

Seeing the cute argument between the Servants, Hayate laughed.

"Let's buy it quickly and return already."

"Yup."

"Yes!"

The party that now included Kiruru slipped through the surging crowd and finished their shopping.

"We're running late, let's hurry."

"I agree, but it'd be dangerous to do that in this ocean of people."

"Oh, right."

Reminded by Aria, he looked at the people filling the streets. Even if they ran past the crowd, the cake would be ruined by the time they would arrive at the entrance.

"It can't be helped

then." "Yes."

"Hmm."

Hayate made his way towards the Academy with the other two while walking. However, they were barely able to move forward.

"...This is bad. I hope Sherry isn't angry."

"What's wrong?"

"She told me to be back quickly."

Hayate recalled the conversation with Sherry right before he dashed out.

Kiruru replied, "Sherry left the classroom, following Rinne before I left."

"Rinne, eh...I see."

"Mm?"

Aria asked, seeing Hayate nodding to himself.

“We were talking to Rinne just the other day. She agreed to decode the grimoire Sherry had. Apparently, the summoning circle written in it was used to summon me .”

“...Care to explain?”

“I don’t really  
mind.”

Asked by Aria, Hayate narrated everything they had talked with Rinne.

“ ...”

“What is it?”

Hayate asked, noticing Aria’s serious, stern expression.

“I...wonder what attracted her interest in Sherry’s grimoire. Last time she wanted to inspect your Seele because you defeated the Chimera.”

“Well, maybe because she is a scholar?”

“Sis Rin is a Demonic Beast Scholar. I can understand her arousal for someone completely unknown and strange like you or your Seele, but the investigation on Chimera isn’t completed, yet she goes on to personally decode a grimoire... she has never done that.”

“But didn’t you play around with my body the other day? Even you helped her.”

“Sis Rin was persistently annoying me, so I had no choice but to agree...”

Now that she says it, Rinne did come to the Academy only to investigate the Chimera.

“She is trailing off her original objective...”

Aria contemplated as a serious expression swept across her face. Hayate wondered if it was right to doubt Aria’s cousin, seeing her expression...but since nothing had occurred, he cleared away the gloomy feeling from his mind.

“It won’t do any good racking your brain right now. We should hurry back and ask her directly.”

Hayate said, looking towards the Academy entrance in the distance; he noticed people crowding around it.

“What is it?”

He exclaimed.

“That is the flag of the...Chivalric Order of Avenir.”

Aria replied, gazing at the fluttering flag, realizing that it belonged to the city knight troupe.

A bad premonition welled up inside the three.

“...”

The heartbeats of the three quickened as they ran past the crowd. They no longer cared about the items they bought.

Soon they crossed the crowd; several tents were set up in a line, and several Hexenritters were running here and there. One of them noticed Hayate and others wearing the school uniform nearing them.

“You three, are you students here!?”

“Yes, what exactly happened?”

“Hm? Why is a...man wearing a uniform?”

“Um, I am...”

“I can attest to his identity later. What occurred here?”

“...I see. Get in the tents for now.”

The troupe member looked at Hayate with dubious eyes, but with Aria’s single sentence, she decided to put that on hold as she guided them into the tent.

After that, she explained the incident that had occurred...

“The Academy is being occupied by Demonic Beasts?!”

The three drew in cold air, hearing the worst possible situation.

According to her, while the three were out shopping, several Demonic Beasts appeared inside the Academy and occupied it.

Sherry!

Hayate mused over Sherry's safety, glaring towards the entrance. There was not a single soul to be seen on the path connecting the entrance and the school building; the Academy bustling with people was filled with an incredible silence.

Not even a single scream could be heard, maybe the tragedy had yet to occur...or it already had finished.

Just by imagining such scenes filled his eyes with anger as he began to grit his teeth.

Kiruru was shocked to see his angry appearance, but understood the reason for it, and remained quiet.

While the two were reacting unnaturally, Aria continued asking the troupe member questions to learn more information.

"What is the Order hesitating for? Shouldn't you be killing them already?"

"We sure as hell want to. But they got an extremely troublesome power."

"What is this troublesome power?"

"They can take the form of any human."

According to her, they could easily disguise themselves as humans with a flawlessness that could easily be called perfection.

"We have classified them as Variations. Their original appearance is that of a black humanoid shadow, but upon using their power, they look exactly like humans."

Due to that power, they had no idea if the people inside were humans or fakes; they also didn't know the precise number of fakes inside the Academy.

"We can't just recklessly perform a rescue mission. What if we mistakenly saved a fake?"

"...Yes, it is troublesome, but wouldn't the casualties only increase if no measures are taken? The Demonic Beasts might be assaulting the people inside."

It was an instinctual action for Demonic Beasts to attack people.



Surely it was an absurd idea to recklessly save people inside despite their authenticity, but if nothing was done the casualties inside would increase over time.

However, the troupe member shook her head.

“That is also one weird point...they wish to negotiate with us.”

“...Negotiate? Are you implying they attempted for a mutual understanding with humanity?”

Aria felt suspicious hearing the troupe member’s words.

“Yes. I heard from other members, but apparently, they can use human speech.”

“Human speech...that’s hard to believe; anyhow what did they propose?”

“...”

The expression of the troupe member turned grim, “They demanded the life of the Queen in exchange for the lives of the students,” she said, spitting out. Aria and Kiruru inhaled fiercely.

“The Queen...”

“What? Is it that bad?” Hayate asked. Aria replied as she wiped off the cold sweat.

“It’s a big problem. The existence of the Queen is the very foundation of this country. If she dies, the Star Farm kingdom will fall into chaos. By all rights, their lives can’t even be compared in a typical situation.”

“Normally we would’ve flat out rejected their proposal, but the people inside are nobles from all over the country...For now, we have sent out a messenger to the capital, asking for the Queen’s intentions in this situation. We have nothing to do but remain quiet till then.”

The troupe member spoke the cold, hard truth as she quietly opened up a map of Diaspell Royal Academy.

“I want to ask you guys about information regarding the Academy’s interior. Tell me everything, no matter how pointless.”

The troupe member never changed her knightly attitude, but, still, her tone was hurried.

“...No, we have just returned.”

Aria replied after a slight pause, looking at the Academy.

Did she...hesitate?

Hayate felt as such but had no clue why she would hesitate.

The troupe member dropped her shoulder ever so slightly.

“I see...in that case, tell me what the situation was like before you all went out. I’m an Academy alumnus; so I know things tend to shift places during the Einherjar Festival.”

“I understand. You two also help.”

“Okay.”

“Yes, of course.”

The three of them replied quickly to all the questions the troupe member asked. Aria answered the most while Hayate and Aria supplemented her answers sometimes.

“So the Servants of guests are being looked after by the Academy?”

“Yes. The entry of Servants from outside is banned from a security standpoint. I doubt even the guards would have guessed that the Demonic Beasts would transform into humans to infiltrate.”

“What about students?”

“It’s a bit different for them; the students hand over their Servants to a lodging house made specifically for them. Same goes for the Servants that live alongside the masters in their private rooms. Kiruru and I temporarily took our Servants out for shopping.”

“...So it’s futile to ask for students to escape on their own, I guess.”

Diaspell Royal Academy was an institution established to nurture Hexenritters. Most of the nobles, except for the fathers and brothers were also Hexenritters. At the current moment, inside the academy, a large group of

fighters was taken as hostages, but their original power easily surpassed the Chivalric Order of Avenir.

However, during the Einherjar Festival, the Servants were separated from their Hexenritters.

Damn it! Even „that man“ told me not to leave her side! Just because I left her for a while this happened...

Hayate bit his lips, recalling the time he met with that man inside the white space while fighting the Seven Heads.

This happened even after he had been warned.

He wanted to punch himself for being the worthless man he was.

Among normal Hexenritters and Servants, the magical energy and violent emotions would be transmitted to each other via the line. If Hayate and Sherry were connected by it, she would’ve sensed his irritation.

If he could enter undetected somehow, he’d immediately rush towards her...!

“...Wait a second.”

Hayate finally became aware of his surroundings.

“What do you intend to do, Hayate?”

“I can probably infiltrate undetected.”

“What are you blabbering. If you got discovered, they might kill the hostages,” The troupe member exclaimed, scowling at him. Hayate rebutted with an even fiercer tone, “But I’m a „student“ of this school!

It’s not weird for me to be inside there. Even if I am discovered, if I claimed I was hiding wouldn’t they easily buy it?!”

“...But they are Demonic Beasts. Would such a reason work for them?”

“If so, who knows when they’ll fucking kill the hostages!!” The troupe member replied calmly as Hayate raised his voice. “The Demonic Beasts inside are intelligent right!? If we poked at the right parts, we might even win against them!”

“How will you combat their shapeshifting powers? If they slipped in with the

hostages, we'd lose them."

"We can just let the Servants loose," Hayate replied instantly at the question Kiruru presented. "A line connects the Hexenritters and Servants. Then the Servants would easily know who their true master is. I don't have a line, so I don't know how true that is."

"It is genuine. The line is invisible to humans, but Servants can see it clearly. Such findings are already out there."

As expected of an aspiring Servant scholar, Aria, swiftly confirmed the authenticity of Hayate's conjecture.

"The problem right now would be the life and death of Servants. Even if they let hostages live, the Servants were nothing more than a hindrance to them."

"That won't happen." The troupe member replied, easing Aria's worry. "The Servants aren't powerless."

Even if they are away from Hexenritters, they sure have skills to injure Demonic Beasts on their own.

Currently, there are Servants from all the country inside the Academy. If the fakes and Servants fought, the fight would be on a large scale. If such a thing happened, we would've already noticed it."

"I see. In that case, the fakes are most probably observing the lodging house from the outside, sealing it in the process. The lodging house is sturdily made so it can't be broken from the inside, and is also fortified with magic. It's a perfect cage."

"But that means, they'd be free if the fakes guarding it are defeated, right?"

Hayate brightened as a flickering hope turned solid. However, Aria replied with a serious expression.

"There is a possibility of completing it, but it would still be a difficult mission. If they are really intelligent, they'd be guarding the lodging house very attentively. It'd be impossible for you to win against them all, not without your Seele."

"..."

Hayate was left speechless, hurt from the harsh reality.

The problem now was the fact that he left Sherry alone. Hayate can't even use magic; he was the weakest being in this world, a man.

Aria grinned, looking at him grind his teeth, "So, I'll come along with you," she replied.

"No, but..."

"I'll also accompany you!" Kiruru yelled out loudly at Hayate this time. Their eyes were serious about it.

"...Okay, fine. Thank you."

Hayate, being unable to reply to their earnest gazes, could only nod.



The Order was to encamp in front of the entrance, attracting the attention of the Demonic Beasts; meanwhile, Hayate, Aria, and Kiruru attempted to leap over the wall in the rear of the Academy to infiltrate it.

Despite the vast premises of Diaspell Royal Academy, there was no guarantee of not being spotted right after leaping over the wall. So, they let Miria survey from the sky, confirming the absence of Demonic Beasts in the area.

"Welcome back, Miria. Did anyone notice you?"

"Kyurururu."

Replying with a trustworthy cry, Miria projected the aerial recording of the other side of the wall.

"...Mm. I had her check even inside the shadows of the hallway, in case some fakes hid there. It looks like there is no one over there."

"Sorry, Miria. Letting you go through enemy territory."

"Kyurururu."

Miria cried, indicating Hayate to not mind it.

If Miria wanted, she could dispatch several of the devices called Camera, which constituted her eyes, surveying the surroundings from a long distance.

But Aria wanted the details of each place, so she had Miria fly around through every place instead of scattering the Cameras that could do nothing but record a certain place.

“Thank you, Miria. You worked hard.”

“Kyurururu.”

Aria’s Servant completed its job splendidly, now it was Hayate and the others’ turn...or so he thought.

“Grab my waist, Hayate.”

“Eh?”

“We will cross the wall, grabbing Miria.”

Aria intended to fly over the wall. The walls of the Academy were quite high, so maybe that was the only way possible.

“Would it be a bother to let Miria take us one by one?”

“Do we have time to dilly-dally here? I’ll be fine, so grab me!”

Aria urged Hayate to grab her quickly.

Kiruru tried to intervene between the two for some reason.

“Hayate, if it’s fine with you, please get on Kuro’s back.”

“Yeah, that sounds g—”

Kiruru’s Servant, Black Dog, had a splendid physique. Although if two people sat on it, it’d be a little too small, it could work if the two cuddled; he wondered.

Kiruru interrupted Hayate mid-sentence, continuing with a lustful expression.

“B-But you might fall when Kuro jumps, so hug me tightly.”

“Eh?”

“Hehe, a hug from Hayate...”

“Kiruru!?”

They brought Kiruru back to her senses.

“Who do you choose?”

“Of course I choose you, Aria.”

Hayate replied, slightly tired before the mission. Kiruru staggered dramatically from shock, falling on her butt as Kuro tried to console her.

Despite the ridiculous event right before their mission, everyone pulled themselves together, preparing to infiltrate. Aria stretched her left hand upwards as Miria changed the shape of her legs, grabbing Aria firmly. Kiruru also got on Kuro, ready to jump over anytime.

“Let’s go then.”

“Yea.”

Hayate grabbed Aria by the waist, replying with a nervous voice. His heart started to beat fast as he was finally going to trespass into enemy territory, but it wasn’t the only reason. He was closely glued to Aria, feeling her warmth, smelling her scent and touching her soft waist with his hands; it all stimulated Hayate’s brain.

“Ahn...Hayate that tickles.”

“Sorry.”

Hayate had apparently strengthened his grip unknowingly. Aria laughed at his apology.

“Aria, that’s sly of you...”

There was someone who couldn’t approve of Aria’s conduct.

“So let’s go now—Miria, take off.”

“Kyurururu.”

Miria flapped vigorously, floating in the air comfortably despite two people hanging from her.

“Kuro!”

“Woof.”

Matching the timing of Hayate and Aria's take off, Kiruru signaled Kuro and jumped. The leg strength of the Black Dog was terrifying, jumping over the wall in a single leap.

"That's great...oh shit!?"

The feat caught Hayate's attention; his grip loosened as he almost let go of Aria.

"Aaah! Hayate, my skirt..."

"Sorry. It's not on purpose."

Hayate avoided crashing down, but his loosened grip slipped on Aria's waist, sliding her skirt downwards; her underwear was now extremely close to his face.

It was pink-coloured.

His posture appeared as if he was thrusting his face into her underwear, but he couldn't let go of her. The situation lasted till they landed alongside Kiruru.

"Hayate..."

Hayate landed, meeting with Kiruru's reproachful gaze.

"It wasn't on purpose...Sorry, Aria."

"I-I know. Don't mind."

Aria blushed, putting back her skirt while blushing.

She pulled herself together with an Ahem.

"Let's go over the plan. We'll head over to our classroom, and free everyone."

"Mm."

"Kiruru, have Kuro scan the surroundings using its nose."

"Roger."

"In that case, let's search for the route leading inside the school building."

Aria guided both of them, acting as the leader.



The primary mission of their plan was to free the Servants, letting them discern the real people from the fakes, thus saving real Hexenritters. The biggest trouble was to release the Servants.

Going by Aria's guess, quite a lot of fakes might be monitoring the lodging house. It'd be a nigh impossible task for us to break through it.

Thus they had to head towards the Rivaldi Classroom, they needed to increase the number of people on their side.

"...!"

Kiruru raised her hand, warning Aria and Hayate to stop right before turning around a corner.

Upon a closer inspection, Kuro cautiously looked towards the other side of the corner.

"Miria, dispatch some cameras. Don't get discovered."

Miria tossed a small camera discreetly. It appeared like a real mechanical eye. The camera flew at a low altitude without being noticed, and peeked from the corner, sending the recording of the other side of the corner to Miria.

The recording sent by the small camera was continuously being projected by Miria, and there...they were.

"..."

A black shadow-like Demonic Beasts—Fake was pacing to and fro in the hallway without a single footstep sound.

"It isn't camouflaging itself."

"Well even if it was it'd be of no use. No person would be out in plain sight, monitoring the hallways."

"That's for certain."

A human would either try escaping or hide. It would be okay to believe they are Demonic Beasts just because they were out in plain sight, monitoring the grounds.

"Kiruru, can you do that?"

“Mm. I’ll try. Cast—Volcanic Gauntlets.”

Kiruru kept her voice down as she cast her Wand.

“Kiruru, you must calm down. Attack only when that turns around, facing the other side.”

“Roger...”

Aria stroked Kiruru’s back, alleviating her nervousness. Eventually, the fake turned around in the recording projected by Miria.

“!”

Kiruru dashed with the ferocity and alacrity of lightning, sending the fake’s head flying with a kick.

The fake soared through the air, unable to make a single sound.

“!?”

Kiruru rushed again, overtaking the flying fake and catching it right before it could collide with the wall.

“Kuro.”

The Servant rushed over at its master’s call, grabbing the fake by its neck and rushing back to Hayate and Aria along with Kiruru.

“Thank you, Kiruru.”

“Luckily, it went well...”

Kiruru patted her chest, relieved.

“Thanks.”

Hayate patted her head as a way of expressing gratitude.

“Ah...,” Kiruru squinted in pleasure.

Aria saw her appearance from the sidelines and apologetically intruded in their act.

“Sorry for interrupting. I want to know everything about these fakes. Tell me what you noticed while fighting.”

“Ah...I kicked it with all my strength, but it wasn’t tough at all.”

“So it’s specialized just for shape shifting.” Aria kept hearing Kiruru’s explanation as her hand examined the body of the fake. “Their physical defense does seem low. I might be able to help you the next time.”

“You’ll also fight, Aria?” Hayate asked. We have hung around quite a lot, but I’ve never seen her fight. She had most worked as a logistical support or an information procurer.

Aria smiled, seeing Hayate worried about her safety. “It’s fine. My Wand lacks high offensive abilities, so I don’t use it normally. But it can be helpful.”

“I see...”

She probably was aware of what dangers it might pose for her to lie about doing things she can’t. Hayate trusted her words and nodded.

“Let’s move ahead.”

They hid the fake in the shadows of the hallways before progressing forward. The mission was to rescue, so they avoided combat as much as possible. Yet they came across several fakes monitoring hallways, but Kiruru finished all of them off.

“I was motivated after a long time, but Kiruru seems plenty for these guys.”

“That’s because there is always a single of those Demonic Beasts everywhere.”

Kiruru tried to be humble, but her attack speed being so fast was enough to take down the fakes without letting them react at all.

However, it did not mean in any way that she’d easily win against two or more fakes. She could still kill them, but she might not be able to kill all of them instantaneously, resulting in fakes calling their allies.

“Still, there are fewer of those guards inside.”

“Most of them might be watching over the Servants.”

They silently, cautiously, walked, and eventually reached their destination.

“Miria, check the circumstances inside.”

Upon Aria's orders, the color of Miria's eyes changed and projected a weird red and blue image. "What is this?"

"It's the visualization of the temperatures of the things inside. The red represents high temperature, blue represents otherwise. See that cluster of red in the back of the classroom; they are most likely the hostages."

"I see."

"And these two moving figures are probably fakes. There are two of them inside."

It was hard to make out from just the colored projections, but upon a closer look, there were surely two figures moving around.

One of them was near the teacher's lectern; the other right beside the hostages.

"Yeah. That one in the backside of the classroom is trouble. It would've been good if the class structure was a level plane."

The desks were set up on the staircase. Thus there was a difference in level between each row of desks.

"We don't have time. I'll leave that one in the back to Kiruru and take care of the one in front."

"Okay...got it."

"Wait a sec."

Aria and Miria exchanged looks as she inhaled deeply.

"Cast—Future Sight."

Aria exclaimed. Miria started to change at a rapid pace.

The mechanical owl that always perched on her left shoulder changed into a form impossible for any living being to imitate; it changed into armour, covering her head and the entirety of her left arm. The armour wasn't anything that could be considered normal. It was affixed with gimmicks such as a metal stake around the elbow of her left arm and a transparent plate of glass covering her left eye.

The stake was most likely to be used for attacking. In that case, what was the visor-like thing covering her left eye? However, this wasn't the time to be asking questions.

"Then...let's go!"

"...!"

Aria matched her timing with Kiruru, entering the classroom almost simultaneously.

"...!"

The fakes observing the hostages responded to the sound of the door opening and turned around to look at it.

"Ha—!" Kiruru dashed towards the top of the classroom, leaving behind a voice as she aimed a flying kick to the chest of the fake.

"...!"

It had reacted to the sound so the attack couldn't be called a surprise attack anymore, but still, the fake wasn't able to evade the kick as it was knocked into the air. However, it defended against the kick slightly, saving itself from being killed instantly.

"...!"

Kiruru followed up with another attack, leaving him no time to call his comrades. At that instant, the winner and loser were decided.

Meanwhile on Aria's side—

"SOME STILL HID?"

"Chaos Logic"

The fake spoke with a high pitch. Aria murmured quietly as she covered the distance between them. Her movement were neither fast nor slow; she placed her left arm right beside her waist, observing every single movement made by the fake through her visor.

"DIE"

The fake raised its hands to face level and suddenly it split and broke into

several branches, attacking Aria from all directions like spears. In contrast, Aria's weapon consisted of only one stake affixed on her elbow. She didn't possess enough hands to deflect the attack, or the speed to evade them.

"Ari—!"

Hayate almost screamed, but stopped midway as his eyes saw something impossible occur.

"..."

Aria evaded every single attack with slight, subtle movements, not breaking a sweat. It felt like she knew about them beforehand.

She covered the distance while evading, and struck her left fist into the fake's torso.

"Gush"

The elbow stake shot out with a fierce *bam* sound, boring a hole in the fake's abdomen.

"WH—..."

However it didn't die immediately. The fake spread its hands, trying to embrace Aria as a last resort. It wanted to skewer her along with itself, dying together.

"..."

Aria silently tripped down, rolling to the side, thus evading his embrace. It was as though she knew this ahead of time too. The fake was stabbed relentlessly by the spears it created, and died...alone.

"Sigh..."

"Aria!"

Hayate entered the classroom, rushing towards her just as her fight ended.

"I was able to manage it somehow."

"You completely overpowered it."

It was Aria's victory. There were instances where it appeared like the end of

her, but she got past everything easily, as though she were a martial expert.

“That’s because of this *Future Sight*.”

Aria said, tapping the visor covering her left eye.

“This calculates the most predictable future of the enemy, projecting it to my eyes.”

“That’s amazing...!”

“Well, the only weapon I have is this pile bunker that is completely useless against enemies with high defence. Also it’d be of no use to see a future of an attack I can’t evade with my movements.”

“Aria, are you okay?”

Kiruru stepped down the staircase victoriously.

“No problem here. How about there?”

“It’s all fine, no one was injured.”

“Okay. Let’s „confirm“ them.”

Aria and Kiruru didn’t dispel their *Wands*, moving up the staircases as Hayate followed behind them.

Reaching the upper step, they saw their classmates and the guests of the *Servant Café* bound by a queer restraining tool.

*Sherry...is not here, eh.*

Hayate looked around for Sherry at once, but he couldn’t find her among the people. Kiruru told him she was called out by Rinne; it appeared like she was probably captured outside the classroom.

*“muffle”*

Victoria started at the sight of them, wriggling around as she tried to say something while the restraining tool was still in place. Judging from her expression, she was most likely angry to have shown such a disgraceful sight.

In fact, her bound up figure was quite stimulating to even look at...

“Aria...what’s that?”

“That’s a magical restraint. Look, the cuffs are embedded with Material. They won’t come off until the one who bound them speaks a certain keyword.”

“Eh? So we can’t set them free?”

If so were the case, their fore planned strategy would be washed down the drain.

“No problem. Miria can decode it.”

Aria dispelled her, reverting Miria to the mechanical owl it was.

*“muffle!”*

“Sorry, Victoria. I can’t set you free first.”

“!?”

Victoria spoke again, but Aria apologized once more before she turned around, facing Kiruru.

“You look over all of them, and if some fake tried to attack me, repel them at once.”

“Y-yeah. I got it.”

Kiruru nodded, nervous.

Aria nodded in reply, entering among the crowd of bound up hostages...but suddenly turned around, looking at Hayate, who was about to follow her.

“You can remain by Kiruru’s side. It might be dangerous.”

“I’ll come with you for sure.”

Hayate had been of no help till now. He was determined to become a shield for Aria in the worst case scenario.

“...You are really...strange.”

Aria murmured, turning her gaze away from Hayate, her face slightly blushing. She didn’t utter anything, thus Hayate followed after her.

Aria found her target—Myusel, and made her way towards her.



“Miria, do it.”

“Kyurururu.”

Miria get off her master, nearing towards Myusel; it extended a strange cable from its chest, connecting it with the Material embedded in the cuffs.

“Start decoding.”

Aria declared. Miria stopped her every movement at once, instead a weird mechanical sound resounded. It was decoding the keyword set up for the magical restraint.

Before long a *click* sound rang out, setting Myusel free.

“T-Than—”

“Stop right there. Lay down, Myusel.”

Aria stopped Myusel from uttering a single word. Myusel, startled, stopped in mid-motion.

“Answer me anything I ask. Okay?”

“O-okay”

“What did Hayate and I go to buy?”

“Huh...the black tea.”

“Right.”

Aria smiled, stretching her hand to Myusel.

“You are the real one I suppose. The fakes might be able to shapeshift, but shouldn’t be able to imitate the memory”

“Ah, so that’s what it was for.”

Myusel nodded, convinced by her answer.

Aria had devised a plan to discern the real from fake, it was to ask question, the answers to which were only known by the person itself. If Myusel had changed after Hayate and Aria went to shop, she wouldn’t be able to answer such a question.

“So, Myusel, recite the names of everyone that didn’t leave the class after we

left.”

“Everyone?”

“Yes. I went to the lodging house to check on the Servants before going out to shop for tea leaves with Hayate, but none of them made a ruckus at that time. If someone was...let’s say, killed, and a fake changed places with them; in such case the Servant would have sensed it and started rampaging.”

The act of Aria checking the lodging house meant that no one had been replaced by the fakes at that point.

“So if someone inside this classroom got replaced, then it could only be those who left here after we went out to shop. They wouldn’t have attacked someone here and replace them, meaning they would have attacked someone who was alone.”

“So, the people who were inside the classroom all the time are the real ones?”

Myusel convinced, started to say the names of their classmates who had never left the classroom. The students, whose suspicions were cleared, were set free by Miria one-by-one.

“Geez! I had to suffer such shame!”

Victoria complained, rubbing her wrist.

There were some girls who left the classroom, but nearly all of their classmates were free of suspicion.

“You won’t free the guests?”

“No. I don’t have a way to ask them questions, and to know if they speak the truth or not.”

“There is one you can.”

Victoria spoke, heading towards one hostage. Looking closely, that person was her older sister, Sylvana.

“Indeed. She is someone I know. But can you be sure she is not a fake?”

“No problem. We sisters have got a secret only we know, so if she answers

that it would prove her authenticity.”

“I can agree with that. Kiruru.”

Aria called Kiruru to her side before asking Miria to set Sylvana free.

“Elder Sister, you heard us, right. So answer me whatever I ask.”

“Hmm.”

Sylvana nodded, lying face down on the floor.

“Recently, you asked me to not call you Elder Sister, but something else. Just what was that „something else“?”

“Ugh!?” Sylvana shivered, still lying on the floor as her face was dyed with shock. She didn’t wish to reply to her question.

“Elder Sister, what happened?” Victoria questioned again.

“Ugh...”

Sylvana groaned, her face slightly blushed, “It’s Sylvie,” she replied.

Sylvana finally turned red as a ripe tomato; she looked cute for the first time.

“Aria, she is, without a single doubt, my sister.”

“Ah, yeah. That’s splendid.”

Aria forced a smile, seemingly unable to respond to the situation. In that span Sylvana stood up, patting dust from her knees.

Sylvana coughed *ahem* and her face reverted to normal.

“I want to know about the situation. Tell me everything you know, Aria.”

“I get it. Let me ask you some questions in return.”

As such the rescuers and rescued conversed, shared information with each other.

“I get the situation. It’s all fine if I release the Servants inside the lodging house, right?”

“Yes. You’ll have to fight with the fakes no matter what, so be able to dispel the magic on the lodging house first, for you can cast and fight with your

Wands.”

“So, we must sneak towards the lodging house.”

Sylvana nodded, taking a last look at the people that were bound.

“We’ll head towards the lodging house, but what about them?”

“This.”

Aria gestured everyone to step aside and fired a translucent ball made of a thin membrane.

The ball cracked down on the floor, breaking into pieces, and spreading a fog of pink-coloured particles.

The people who inhaled the mist felt their eyes turn heavy and were knocked asleep within a second or two.

“It is a magic item containing Sleep magic. They won’t wake up for half a day; now there’s no problem even if someone among them was a fake.”

The worst case would be if a fake were present among the hostages. If it showed itself after Hayate and the others left, it could go ahead to report to its comrades about Hayate and the others’ destination—the lodging house.

Just as they were about to leave towards the lodging house, Victoria stopped Hayate.

“Wait a minute, Hayate. Where is Sherry?”

“...I don’t know.”

Hayate shook his head weakly.

Victoria raised her eyebrow rigidly, “That means you have got a place you are meant to go!” she roared.

Hayate flustered as his eyes widened.

“I can’t do something so selfish.”

“You are useless without Sherry, so go.”

Victoria bore down on Hayate with her words, trying to sever his hesitation.

“She is probably waiting for you to reach her. Come back only after you’ve

found her.”

“Victoria...”

“Well, it’ll be problematic for me to lose my rival I have yet to win against.”

Victoria turned away, waving her hands in a *Shoo! Shoo!* manner.

“Um...”

A certain girl came up from the side, calling out to Hayate. “Err...Orsayle, isn’t it?” It was the girl who had been talking to Sherry recently.

“Ms. Scharlachrot left the classroom with a woman.”

She meant to say about Rinne, probably.

“Do you know where they went?”

“I’m sorry, I don’t know...but please save Ms. Scharlachrot.”

“Thanks.”

Hayate thanked the girl who was worrying about Sherry.

As they were talking, Kiruru spoke to Aria.

“Aria, you want to search for Rinne, right?”

“Kiruru...”

“You two were always close. Haven’t you been worried about her all this time?”

“But, there might be more enemies around the lodging house. I can’t really leave them to Kiruru.”

Victoria stepped between them, puffing out her chest with pride.

“Ah, you too are too dull! You both need to go and search for the people that are important to you!

Freeing the Servants can be easily done with me and my elder sister.”

“Victoria...”

“If you get it, then be on your way.”

“Go, Aria and Hayate. I’ll also give it my best.”

“...Okay.”

Aria nodded, reinforcing her determination.

“Be careful, Victoria, Kiruru.”

“That’s my line. You go and save Sherry.”

“Hayate, may luck be with you.”

“Let’s go, Hayate.”

Hayate and others bumped their fists together, before turning around and rushing towards their goal.



“ ... ”

The unconscious Sherry woke to the sense of pain running through her wrist, “This place...,” her eyelids opened completely, but the place was still dark. Sherry focused more and finally saw archaic letters— geometric patterns drawn in a circular shape.

She was extremely familiar with the „circle patterned after archaic letters.'

“The general summoning circle for Servants...?”

It was the summoning circle the students would use to summon their Servants.

This being here means I’m inside the Academy cathedral...?

Sherry guessed her location, surveying her surroundings for dangers.

There was supposed to be a stained glass depiction of Artemis, the First Queen, but it apparently was covered with some cloth, so no light entered inside. Or was it night already?

Thankfully she was able to make out that no dangers were around her due to the dim light emanating from the summoning circle.

She checked herself, but there were no abnormalities other than the facts that her uniform was torn, and that her hands were bound and held above her by a magical restraint item that hung down a pillar. If she had something to

complain about, it would be the pain in her hands due to them being held up for a long time.

The situation doesn't appear to be very good.

There was no way of her managing to decode the restraint's keyword and escape outside.

If I could just freeze it...but, my magic lacks enough power to break it. My wrists would also be frostbitten.

Sherry lamented not having learned the magic of unlocking. She had only acquired Anti-Hexenritter and Anti-Demonic Beasts magic; who would've known such a simple fact would backfire on her at this point...?

Well, there's no reason to regret now...rather than that—

*Plock*

Sherry heard the sound of footsteps coming from outside of the dimly-lit summoning circle.

—I should be asking things of the perpetrator.

Sherry raised her head up gazing at the person behind everything—Rinne Blancheis.

"Why'd you do something like this?"

"...You're too calm. Calm enough to scare me." Rinne smiled wryly.

"..."

Calm, she said? There was no way for that to be the case.

Sherry was quite scared and was even wondering why she had to go through this.

Yet she had to remain —feign being— calm at this time, for she couldn't have been alone for so long otherwise.

"From the situation, it's certain that you abducted me, but I don't know the reason. Nor do I know the reason for you to not run away, but instead keep me

inside the Academy cathedral.”

“It’s easier to answer your second question. I had some work to do here.”

So there was a reason she chose the Cathedral to confine me...?

A reason to be nowhere else but here...something that was present only here...

Sherry looked at the dimly-lit ground below her, startled.

“You mean this general summoning circle?”

“Yes. Well to be precise, any place suited for performing summoning rituals would do me good. The Hexenritter Training Academies perform summoning rituals frequently, so they are established above the force fields suited for those rituals.”

“...Even if it is Academy Festival right now, if someone knew you, an outsider, is using the summoning circle, you can’t really escape capital punishment.”

“That’s of no concern. I’m the one currently reigning over the whole Academy.”

“!?”

Seeing Sherry pale with fright, Rinne snapped her fingers, pointing in the darkness behind her. Eventually a black shadow-like Demonic Beast, a Fake, appeared.

“WHAT TO DO?”

A Demonic Beast spoke...!

Sherry was shocked by this fact, but her face revealed no change.

As she submerged the desire to scream in shock, several more fakes appeared.

“WHAT TO DO?”

“WHAT TO DO?”

“WHAT TO DO?”

A flock of fakes appeared from within the darkness. They had obviously



pledged alliance to Rinne, obeying her orders.

“How is a human contr—”

“Let me tell you, as promised.”

Rinne, standing in front of the shadows, spoke.

“I created them. So they’d naturally listen to their creator.”

“You...created the...Demonic Beasts?”

Those words were impactful enough to even delay Sherry’s reaction.

“Yes. If I have to say, that Chimaera you defeated was also something I created. It was a failed work, unable to use magic or anything, just good for its never-ending life force. Even these fakes are capable of shapeshifting, but they can’t really be called perfect because their body is fragile.”

Rinne unperturbedly said. However, the fact of her creating Demonic Beasts artificially was a major thing that might even defy the conventional wisdom of the world.

She heaved a sigh, paused a bit before continuing her explanation.

“These things are just defective products born needlessly during experiments. They are the best for the powerless me so they can be used as expendable pieces.”

“...So you occupied the Academy using them?”

“That’s right.”

Rinne nodded gently.

“What motivated you to do this?”

Rinne called the Chimaera and the fakes defective products. In that case, just what was her perfect work that she aimed for?

“Have you ever thought where Demonic Beasts came from?”

Rinne replied with a question.

“What’re you saying out of the blue?”

“Have you? Have you not?”

“...Not much, I suppose.”

“Well sounds normal enough. No one would think about that unless they are a Demonic Beast Scholar such as myself.”

Rinne continued, with a hollow laugh.

“I had always thought: where’d they come from? Why were they created? I compared innumerable documents and research materials, and eventually, I came to believe Demonic Beasts were made by a certain someone.”

“...You mean they are created by someone like you?”

“No. That’s wrong. They were made by someone of a higher existence than humans. Incidentally, do you happen to know the legend of Queen Artemis?”

“...A little, I guess.”

Sherry nodded, feeling the topic changed almost abruptly.

Artemis was the name of the First Queen, the person who created the Starfarm Kingdom. Sherry being born in this country obviously knew a little about her.

“Artemis is said to have lead people, killed the overpopulated Demonic Beasts on the continent and created the Kingdom. However, civilization hadn’t developed much at that time, so not many documents about her are left. Some that are left seem to say that she not only fought the Demonic Beasts but something much bigger.”

Sherry guessed loosely as to what Rinne wanted to say.

“That something is the higher existence you were talking about?”

“Yes.”

Rinne squinted as she nodded.

“From the general populace’s viewpoint, Artemis was the hero that saved them from Demonic Beasts...Is it not strange that the Demonic Beasts „overpopulated“ the continent? In my years of study, I’ve never seen an infant Demonic Beast, and neither have I read of one being found. They are beings with no sexual activity, so how could they overpopulate the entire continent?”

“...”

“There are still suspicious details. Demonic Beasts are like phantoms, appearing and disappearing wherever and whenever...but where did they come from? Why did they not retreat when Hexenritters became able to kill them? If they escaped there, we wouldn't have been able to do anything to them. So, why is it like that?”

“...!”

Demonic Beasts appear abruptly and assault human beings. They fight till they are killed at the hands of Hexenritters. Sherry had never doubted that. They were just like that—this was the only thing she had ever thought.

The facts being brought up deliberately showed how wrong she was. Even Hexenritters would fall back if injured; there were very few reasons that would force a being to fight till death.

However the Demonic Beasts never tried to escape, no matter the situation, no matter the era.

“That is because they don't appear in this world because they wish to. They don't come to this world, attacking people indiscriminately because they want to, but rather the higher existence that created them for such cause and sent them our way. Thinking as such makes everything align perfectly.”

“...”

Rinne was probably the only one who believed her theory, but Sherry found no words to object it.

Although it couldn't be considered perfect; it cleverly joined all the loose ends.

“I don't understand.”

“Understand how this story relates to my actions?”

Sherry nodded sullenly.

She understood Rinne researched for a long time, arrived at the conclusion of a higher existence that created Demonic Beasts. But she didn't understand how any of that could relate to Rinne creating Demonic Beasts or capturing Sherry.

“Your dear Hayate. He and His Seele are greatly linked to the higher existence.”

“Hayate is...!?”

Sherry lost her composure at the mere mention of Hayate.

Rinne continued indifferently.

“My goal is to summon that higher existence. The occupation of the academy is just a camouflage, and a means to buy time. The Order wouldn’t be able to do anything as long as I hold the nobles as hostages and demand the life of the Queen.”

Rinne spoke quietly, as the summoning circle started to glow brightly.

“You probably don’t realize it, but I overwrote the original summoning circle so it can summon the higher existence.”

The glow of the gener—higher existence summoning circle intensified. In agreement with Rinne’s words; the symbol on Sherry’s chest also started to glow with a bright white as if to agree as well.

“Wait! You want to summon the god of Demonic Beasts?! What’d happen to this world if you summon something like that?”

“Yes. Seeing the Demonic Beasts’ nature is like seeing an open book about the Creator’s emotions towards humans. If it came to this world, it would end in ash.”

“You—!?”

Simultaneously an acute pain assaulted Sherry starting from her symbol, and she writhed in pain. The symbol’s glow kept increasing with every passing second, as though Sherry’s pain was of no concern.

She narrated the continuation of her explanation, gazing at Sherry apathetically.

“Since you could summon Hayate means you have access to that higher plane in which that existence resides. You’ll have to become a sacrifice—the key to opening the door leading into the country of Gods.”



“Ugh...Aaaaaa...”

Sherry faintly opened one eye, enduring the tremendous pain tormenting her as she glared at Rinne, who was looking at her expressionlessly.

“I don’t give a damn about God or whatever...the only one I agree to give my body to is Hayate, not anyone else...”

Sherry clearly stated her will to not yield; it was something that came from pride, self-dignity. Soon after, she resumed screaming.



The face of Rinne distorted in pain as she watched Sherry suffer.

She held onto her locket as her feet moved away from the summoning circle.

Pictures rushed into her mind—a rampaging violent Demonic Beast, her daughter, and her death by its fangs. Her hands turned severely cold.

“ ... ”

She could remember every detail of the incident clearly, but just not the message that her daughter spoke right before her death, with her mind drowning in chaos.

Just what did she say back then...?

The last thing she remembered about her was her smile.

“...All of this is for Eiris’s sake.”

Rinne murmured, speaking to herself as she burnt the smile deep in her brain.



## Chapter 5 – The Heretical Master of Scarlet Sword and The Servant of Turquoise Demon

Hayate and Aria searched around for Sherry and Rinne. However, there were few clues about their

whereabouts. They knew that Sherry went after Rinne, outside the classroom, but the Academy

premises were vast. They were quite stressed due to having to sneak past the fakes.

Hayate believed that it would be hard to find them. But right after parting ways with Victoria, Aria said, “Let’s head to the Cathedral.”

“The Cathedral? You mean that shabby building used for summoning rituals?”

“Yeah.”

“Why the cathedral though? Are they there?”

“...I don’t know. But I want to confirm something.”

“What?”

Hayate wondered about her intentions, but being gazed at by her clear, serious eyes, made him change his mind.

“I understand. Who knows where those two might be, let’s start with the Cathedral. You probably

have some reason to choose that place, right?”

“...Thanks. Let’s go.”

Aria said. She moved forward with Miria while leading Hayate.

They slipped through the surveillance of the fakes, and eventually reached the front of the Cathedral.

“Kyurururu.”

Miria cried as it flew back to Aria and perched on her shoulder.

“...I’ll open it.”

Aria opened the Cathedral doors silently.

A staircase that headed underground started right behind the door. At the end, a single door could be seen.

“The ceremonial room is on the other side of that door. The Cathedral is built

upon a semi-basement for setting up a summoning circle.”

“I see.”

Hayate and Aria descended the stairs cautiously and silently. For each step they took it felt like it was gradually getting colder. The atmosphere exuded a mysterious feeling, as though something was hiding there. As expected of a Cathedral.

Eventually they arrived at the bottom step. Aria quickly cast Future Sight, preparing herself for a fight.

“There are no other rooms here except this one...if something is here, it must be inside.”

“Yeah.”

Aria said. Hayate held his breath, fortified his stomach, and amassed strength.

He didn’t know why Aria had proposed to search the Cathedral. However he believed she had some reason to come here.

“Wait...a sec.”

Aria put her hands on the door, breathing deeply to calm her nerves After several repetitions...she raised her closed eyelids. It felt as if she had sorted out her resolve.

“...I’ll open it now.”

Aria murmured, similar to when she had opened the door aboveground. She finally opened the door.

“!”

The first thing Hayate felt stepping inside the ceremonial room was a chill and darkness that made him shudder. The next thing were the lit-up archaic symbols, and—

“Ugh...Aaahhh...!”

—Sherry, writing in agony, right in the centre of that circle.

“Sherry!”

“Wait, Hayate!”

Aria stopped Hayate before he could recklessly dash forward.

“Why’d you stop me!?”

“Look around you! It’s the fakes!”

“!”

He finally realized. The fakes filled the room in swarms, blending with the darkness. If Hayate went towards Sherry, he would have been skewered.

The fakes inside the room were, compared to those in the classroom, much more numerous. The only hostage to be seen here was Sherry. Why did she have to go through this?

“Ha...ya..te...”

Sherry was cuffed and hung on a pole as if crucified. Her eyes darted around sensing someone enter the room; the moment she saw them a voice leaked from her mouth very, very slowly.

“...!”

Hayate would have surely plunged towards the swarm of fakes had it not been for Aria.

He clenched his fists tightly. Soon blood started dripping onto the floor. Just who put Sherry in such a state...?!

“So you came, eh...”

A sound resounded. They both had heard this voice before.

“Rinne...?”

Rinne appeared from within the velvet of darkness, standing in between Hayate and Sherry and

breathed a sigh.

“How did you find me...I have not even started.”

Rinne spoke insouciantly, surrounded by the flocks of fakes.

Why aren’t they attacking her?

Hayate knew Demonic Beasts attacked humans by pure instinct. If so, why was the situation implying otherwise? He racked his brains, trying to think of a reason for it.

“...So it was Sis Rin, after all.”

Aria said, suddenly, as if squeezing out a voice from her throat.

Huh...?

“What’d you mean, Aria?”

“...It’s as you see. She has subdued the fakes occupying the Academy. She is the perpetrator of

today“s incident.”

“ ...”

Indeed. Changing the perspective, Rinne no longer appeared to be surrounded by fakes, rather it

seemed like she controlled them.

But, that doesn“t explain Aria“s „after all“...

For Aria to have used these words, she must have suspected Rinne beforehand.

“You knew I was the mastermind behind this incident?” Rinne asked. She probably felt a similar

malaise to Hayate. She was certainly surprised, but was not bothered by it.

“I didn“t have solid proof. I just felt you were going to do this.” Aria replied, indifferently.

“That day...when you first came out of your room, days after Eiris died, I sensed it. I sensed a

ferocious insanity hidden deep within your eyes.”

“...I see. Well that’s something I can’t deny, I guess.” Rinne shrugged, raising both her hands as if saying „you caught me“.

Aria grimaced, looking at Rinne’s jovial behaviour. “It was strange from the start. You got over Eiris”

death so easily without any reasons and started researching Demonic Beasts with more vigour than ever before. The adults thought of you a weirdo who chose the scholarly road and didn’t care what went on inside your heart...but I did, so I felt unease all the time.” Aria expressed. Her face became sorrowful as she spoke all the doubts and suspicions she held about Rinne.

“...That thought alone tugged at my mind all this time. I wondered if you would...stray from the path of the right...,” Aria clenched her fists, bearing the pain. “Everything you did ever since coming here has been dubious. The Academy was occupied; such a big incident happened only after you arrived.

My suspicions only increased, you see...!”

“Aria, you deduced all this just from intuition? You have a bright future as a scholar; you possess one of the essential abilities scholars need.”

“...I wished to hide such thoughts in the corners of my heart.”

Rinne maintained her indifferent jovial behaviour; instead Aria looked like a child that was about to cry.



Now that I remember, Aria said nothing when I asked what triggered Rinne to get over her child's death. She was probably dodging the suspicions she held for her sister.

At that time Hayate thought of Rinne as a strong person to get over her daughter's death „somehow“.

However that wasn't possible. She couldn't recover from the loss of her most important, beloved

daughter in some days as if nothing happened. No one could. There must have been some

reason...and for Rinne it was insanity.

Hayate pondered, searching for a reason for creating such a big incident—a reason for her insanity.

“What's your purpose for doing this!?”

“I told Sherry just a while ago. Ask her if you wish to know.”

Rinne shrugged, pointing at Sherry with her chin.

“...!”

Hayate nearly lost control of his own and was about to yell, but Sherry spoke

up, enduring the pain.

“Her aim is...to sacrifice me...and open the door!”

“Door?”

Hayate and Aria listened carefully to the hints that Sherry shouted out to them.

“She wishes to summon...the god that created...the Demonic Beasts...a higher existence!”

“A God created...Demonic Beasts?”

Hayate questioned, taken aback by her answer.

The God that created the Demonic Beasts would mean their boss. Wouldn't it be chaos if such a being is summoned...? What does Rinne plan to do, summoning such a being?

The questions only increased. The person herself only shrugged all the time, not intending to answer.

“We have wasted enough time.”

Rinne snapped her fingers, and the fakes appeared from the curtain of darkness endlessly.

“Kill them.”

“I KILL.”

“I KILL.”

“I KILL.”

Rinne commanded; the fakes moved to surround Hayate and Aria.

“Hayate...!”

Aria calculated the enemies’ movement with Future Sight, whispering in Hayate’s ears.

“We need your Seele to escape this situation. I’ll inspect their movements and create a path to Sherry for you.”

“Roger!”

Hayate replied curtly. They both rushed forward at the same time.

“Three steps to the right! Duck down and five steps forwards!”

“! Oops!?”

The fakes attacked by splitting their hands into numerous parts, rushing at opponents like spears.

It was difficult to guess the trajectory of these spears, and several of those attacked at once.

“Free fall diagonally to your left! Retreat a step back! Run forward for two seconds!”

Hayate would’ve been spiked to shreds if not for Aria’s commands.

The attacks of fakes weren’t as unrestricted, ever-changing as he thought them to be. As the branched arms extend the shadow themselves grow thin. They apparently cannot increase or decrease their

original mass.

They cannot change the shapes of their heads or torso, creating favourable chances for Aria’s pile bunker.

I can reach...!

“Sherry!!”

The moment Hayate’s foot stepped inside the summoning circle—

“Hayate!?”

“!?”

—Aria shouted. They were blown back to the door of the ceremonial room by a single attack from a giant shadow.

“Ugh... \*cough\* ...!”

The attack was powerful enough to force out all the air inside their lungs.

“Ar...ia.”

“...ugh”

Hayate kneeled down, picking up Aria. She had protected Hayate from the attack of the shadow,

bearing the full brunt of the attack; she was nearly unconscious.

“Kyu...”

The Future Sight was dispelled, reverting Miria to her original form and just like her master it also lay down, injured heavily.

I see...This place isn’t the Training Ground, so there’s no Divine Protection of Valhalla here.

Thus the damages inflicted were all reflected on the body and thereby affected it. That was a big problem in itself, but the biggest one was the thing that had attacked them.

“What the hell...happened...?”

He had evaded all the attacks of the fakes.

There wasn’t any other opponent except the fakes and Rinne. She hadn’t even moved a single bit from her position.

“I nearly forgot. Aria, your Wand possesses some interesting ability but lacks power. You won’t work well as a vanguard, but could easily lead the Chivalric Order.”

Rinne said in a dull voice.

As if she already understood the extents of Future Sight.

Did she see through the power of Aria’s „Wand“ in such a small time...?

Aria’s Future Sight calculated and predicted the movements of „enemies“. It would be of no use if Aria didn’t realize the existence of the opponent—didn’t recognize it as an enemy.

Thus it couldn’t respond to the sneak attacks like the one that just happened. As expected of a scholar, Rinne surpassed Aria as an observer.

“Gengar.”

Rinne called out a name. At that moment, the „cathedral“ moved.

“A...shadow!?”

Hayate realized his misunderstanding within a couple of following seconds.

The cathedral didn’t move. No. The darkness that covered the insides of the Cathedral wriggled, and converged beside Rinne.

The artificial darkness was lifted, allowing light to enter through the stained glass windows.

A cluster of pitch-black, much darker than night itself, stood in the centre.

“This is Gengar. It’s the only one of the „successful products among the defectives“.”

Rinne gave a sidelong glance at Gengar.

“ ... ”

Gengar didn’t speak like the fakes; it only followed Rinne silently.

Rinne waved her hand at the quiet cluster of darkness. Her hand made a soft, weird noise as it sank inside the dark.

“Direction— Jotun Haimen, ” Rinne pulled out her hand, drawing out a pitch-black longsword of about her height from inside Gengar.

“...A Wand!?”

“No. This is a Cruz. If you ignore the difference of Demonic Beast and Servant, then yes, they’re both similar things.”

In other words, it was also an anomalous weapon like Wands...! So this was the reason for Gengar to be called as Success among the defects.

“Damn it!”

Hayate laid Aria on the floor, heading forward to save Sherry.

Naturally, Rinne wasn’t one to ignore his advance. She quietly waved the blade, generating

shockwaves, and sending Hayate back to his starting line.

“Kagh...!”

Hayate vomited blood, his organs injured from the blow.



“...Ugha!”

Hayate wiped off the blood streaking from the corners of his mouth as he stood up, and again dashed forward.

Nonetheless, the result was the same as before.

“Gah!”

“Ugh!”

“Guah!”

Hayate continued vomiting blood each time he was blown back.

He was struck down countless times...yet he stood up and repeated his advance.

“Haya...te...”

Sherry cried, seeing him being beat up repeatedly.

“Just...Stop! You can’t win without Seele. Just leave me...run away!” Sherry pleaded. The tears kept flowing endlessly as though a dam had burst open.

“...What the hell are you saying!?” Hayate smiled, breathing deeply. “I don’t have Seele...? What about that? You too are powerless, but you still frequently

come to save me.”

It happened in the mock-battle with Victoria. And the time Cyclops’ magic did the classmates in.

Even the time when Hayate’s spirit broke in front of the Seven Heads.

Sherry had come running to Hayate no matter the time. She had the determination to protect him at the expense of her life, even when she knew that she was powerless.

You never used your lack of power as an excuse; so don’t you dare to turn that into an excuse for me.

Hayate would never do something so un-cool.

After all, he had been bound to a contract that put him at equals with Sherry.

“Just...run...away!”

For each word she spoke, pain coursed through her body. Yet, she endured her pain, grimacing and urging Hayate to run.

Ah, damn it. Don’t try to be so cool.

Hayate believed he should be considerably cool to be able to stand alongside such an awesome girl.

“Don’t worry about me. You just need to shut up and watch me. I’ll save you no matter what.”

Hayate managed to stand up again—just as the walls of the Cathedral rumbled.

“Aaaaaah!!”

Sherry screamed, louder than ever before as a white light shot out from her chest towards the stained glass. The light was easily absorbed in the stained glass, painting over the portrait of Artemis. The unnatural light didn’t flicker a bit; rather it was expanding and contracting as if imitating heartbeats.

Is that a...door?

Hayate felt like he saw something similar around the borders of the stained glass...

Will that Demonic Beast creating God descend here if it opens?!

Hayate knew his intuition was correct as the dreary solemnity grazed by his skin, sending a chill down his spine.

“Finally...”

Rinne shook the longsword, shouldering it as she looked around, and moved towards Hayate and Aria calmly. Her intentions were clear—she wanted to kill

them.

“I can’t have you two interrupt me anymore. ...Let me end you both with my hands.”

Rinne advanced forward, declaring her dreadful resolve to them.



Sherry looked at the current scene, enduring the intense pain without looking away for even a moment.

Hayate! Aria!

It happened again. For, once again, she was powerless, helpless, weak at the critical moment; the time Hayate and her friends were in trouble. She only stood dumbfounded when up against the Cyclops;

she only escaped when against the Chimaera. And she was currently captured, being used.

...It was too much for Sherry’s heart to handle.

She had lost everything once. It was only now that she had started to get things back, but should she lose it all again?

However she wasn’t even able to deny such a fate... Am I doomed to die

powerless?

“You just need to shut up and watch me.”

Hayate words crossed her mind — don’t joke with me. Sherry had suffered all the time, for she couldn’t do as such. She was herself only because she couldn’t do such a thing.

I too want to fight...I want to oppose my fate.

Sherry prayed.

Give me power...

Sherry implored stubbornly.

I need, power.

She begged with all her might.

“You need power?”

A woman’s voice reverberated inside her head.

Who is it!?

“I don’t have time to answer that.”

Sherry started at the sudden appearance of the voice, but she understood there was no time to chatter.

You asked if I needed power. Damn yes, I need it. Can you give it to me?

“I won’t. I can’t. I’ll just show you the way to use it.”

“I don’t care!”

Sherry replied, shouting unintentionally. She only heard the voice of that person, even the proposals seemed suspicious, but Sherry could feel that person’s presence—that it existed. She wasn’t

hallucinating about it.

“If I already have the power, then just tell me the way to use it!!”

Sherry exclaimed. To someone she knew nothing about.

Instantaneously, the colour of the light shining from her chest changed.



Sherry screamed something besides her shrieks. Hearing it Rinne stopped in her tracks to kill Hayate and Aria.

“Mm?”

Rinne turned around; Hayate too looked away from her.

“Blue light...?”

The origin of the startling blue light was Sherry. The white light of her symbol had already stopped.

The door still pulsated but it seemed to have slowed down.

The blue light exuded from her symbol turned into small beads.

“Ice?”

Rinne murmured, looking at a single bead caught in her hand. The sky couldn't be seen from inside, but snow fell from the ceiling of the Cathedral.

It was an impossible thing to occur.

“...O”

Sherry muttered silently, bathing in the falling snow.

“O the Queen at my service, O the ruler of death and catastrophe, inflict thy

verdict upon the foolish ones stood in front of me—”

Sherry raised her head abruptly.

The blue symbol on her chest shone brighter with each word.

“—Nieves Cascade.”

Lead by the girl’s chant, the crystals of ice falling down transformed into a dragon with sentience.

The ice dragon gained a temporary life from the „enormous magical energy“ gushing out of Sherry’s chest as it assaulted the enemy—Rinne who was about to kill her beloved manservant.

“GIAAAAAAAAAA!”

“What!?”

Rinne blocked the attack barely with the Jotun Haimen, saving herself from the dragon’s jaw that tried to chomp her into pieces. The ice dragon rampaged inside the Cathedral, holding Rinne in its mouth. It crushed the mob of „fakes“ with its giant body, and broke the ceiling rushing above in the mid-air.

Sunlight shone inside from the hole.

“Hm...”



Aria grunted. Her eyelids opened slowly as sunlight fell on her. However, Hayate lacked the

composure to ask how she was.

His eyes, concentration, heart were all nailed on his master—Sherry Scharlachrot.

*crumble*

The pole hanging Sherry turned into ice at once, and shattered into pieces along with the restraint item.

“Hayate.”

Sherry dashed towards Hayate right after obtaining freedom.

“Sherry. You...um...”

Hayate was left speechless; he had too many questions to ask. Sherry struck her finger at his lips, silencing him.

“I’m fine.”

“...That’s all that matters.”

Hayate sighed; relieved of the anxiety that clogged his heart ever since he knew the Academy was occupied.

“It’s good you are fine, Sherry.”

Aria said, lying down with her eyes open.

“Thank you for protecting Hayate, Aria. We need to get your healed up.”

“Yeah. But, we can’t possibly go to the infirmary right now. It’d be great if Victoria and the others are doing good...by the way what is wrong with that symbol?”

Aria asked, staring intently at Sherry’s chest; her curiosity seemed to never fade away. The red symbol changed colour, emitting a glistening blue light that represented Ice Magic—a magic Sherry excelled in.

“It’s just a symbol. There’s nothing different about it. It just takes out Seele, and apparently it can also work as a path to increase magical energy output.”

Humans lack the output ability, thus regardless of the enormous amount of magical energy one

possessed, it would be impossible to convert it into a powerful magic and fire it outside their bodies.

Guessing from Sherry’s words, her symbol substituted the original output path, functioning as a

greater output path for vast amount of magical energy.

“I see. So, you can use magic that surpass human intellect using that symbol on your chest? It sure is amazing.”

Aria laughed pleasantly, and closed her eyes.

“Using magic rivalling the Demonic Beasts without a Wand, you are not longer a witch or a Hexenritter. How should I call you now?”

“Hmm...Greater Mage, I guess.”

Hearing Sherry’s answer Aria laughed again.

“You two appall me.”

Almost abruptly a second hole opened in the ceiling. Fragments of ice fell down from up above, along with a Jotun Haimen-wielding Rinne.

*“pant...how dare you.”*

Rinne thrust the longsword at Hayate and others. Despite being able to act out such a plan of such a grand-scale, even she wasn’t able to guess about Sherry’s retaliation.

Well, it might have been unpredictable for Aria and me to reach here so fast.

Undoubtedly the two girls had ruined Rinne's plan.

"It's not over yet...!"

Rinne retained her fighting spirit. Her plan had been messed up, Sherry was rescued, but it all

couldn't wither her strong will.

"Why are you so fixated on that God...?"

"..."

"I don't understand you. If Aria's right, you performed this outrageous plan for your child, is that true?"

But how can summoning that God help your child? What do you want to do?!" Hayate shouted. Rinne

looked at him, remaining silent.

"...!"

He had rescued Sherry. He could use the Seele now. It was totally probable to defeat, or even kill Rinne now. However, something still tugged at his heart. Isn't she the admirable person Aria respected? Didn't she become a scholar to

save people, going against her family's wishes? Why must she do this...?!

"It's to revive Eiris, right...Sis Rin."



Aria said, standing up unsteadily on her feet. Her words were directed at Rinne, but also answered Hayate's question.

"...Is that also your intuition?"

Rinne glared at Aria; her eyes filled with intense hatred. Aria's felt a piercing pain in her heart, seeing the gaze, but she continued.

"It's not intuition. The only way you could've raised from the bowels of despair would be to have found a way to revive Eiris."

Aria exclaimed. Rinne tightly shut her mouth, not intending to reply.

"...Of course, I never knew how you would try it. But if I include Sherry's explanation with it, it kind of makes sense. You wish to use the God of Demonic Beasts—a God that creates new lives, to revive Eiris."

Aria's deduction was forced. She predicted Rinne would try to „revive Eiris“, and including such an assumption with the incident she created, it somewhat made sense. But, she didn't believe her

deduction to have any misunderstanding; she was extremely confident.

I know everything about Sis Rin.

It was natural, after being together, admiring her for so long. She knew how much Rinne loved her daughter. And also how much she lamented, suffered when her beloved daughter died...

“You sound like you can see into me, Aria.”

Rinne muttered, breaking her silent. Her voice...filled with wrath.

“You doubted me all along, eh. You frolicked like a puppy, but hid your doubts behind your smile all this time, right? That I was a dangerous person.”

“! No!”

“It’s not wrong. You always sent me, your cousin, monthly letters without delay or pause. Thinking of it now, it was weird...you used that to monitor me, right?”

“...No, it’s not like that!”

No. It wasn’t like that. Aria continued sending letters because...

“So, it’s only Eiris who’d love an eccentric person like me... There is no ally for me in this world.”

No. It was never like that. Please don't speak as such...

"I wanted to save you."

"Don't say things you can't do!!"

Rinne screamed. The moment it travelled across the air, reaching Aria's ears, she felt something break inside of her.

A crack appeared deep within her; various fragments of the past flowed from the open gap.

I couldn't protect her that time...

Having lost Eiris, Rinne lied on the bed, unmoving, as though her soul had left her. Aria saw her this way every time she paid a visit.

Aria brought along numerous flowers to get her back on her feet. She recited various interesting stories for she wanted to make her laugh. She always smiled for she wished she wouldn't cry. She aimed to become a scholar for she prayed it would make her happier. However it was all futile.

Nothing worked well.

Eventually Rinne left the room on her own, her eyes filled with a dark light and she returned to living her daily life as usual.

I knew it. I knew I wasn't— I couldn't protect Sis Rin. I had lost her...

Aria knew she wasn't capable of stopping Rinne's insanity, no matter what she does. She always

prayed Rinne wouldn't do anything stupid all along; she sent letters regularly in case something happened, she would know.

Soon enough, Aria found herself mediating disputes between people, and helping troubled people. It was probably from the guilt that she couldn't protect her cousin. Eventually she couldn't take down her fake smile from her face, and people started to rely on her.

But...Aria understood she wasn't a good enough person to be relied upon. After all, she wasn't able to protect the extremely important person in her life...!

"That's wrong!"

Hayate bellowed, abruptly.



Hayate said, spreading his hands in front of Aria, protecting her from Rinne.

"Aria never spoke of any suspicions concerning you until seeing you here, in this Cathedral. Doesn't that mean she believed in you to the very end



possible?”

“Haya...te...”

Aria muttered feebly, calling out Hayate’s name. He turned around, looking at two streaks of tears flowing down her cheeks.

“...”

Hayate grit his teeth, glaring at Rinne again.

“Aria came up to help, if Sherry, I or anyone else in the class was troubled. She most likely had tried to help you—and is also trying to save you at this moment also. How can you say she can’t help you, that’s too much!?”

“...I don’t give a damn about it. In the end, it’s just a hindrance to

me.” “You shouldn’t have strayed off the right path in the first place

then!” Hayate roared at Rinne’s irrational words.

“You want to revive your child? As if I care about that. I understand why you would want to do that, and don’t intend to stop you either. But if you delved down the wrong path, it’s natural to stop you. I won’t ever agree to a method that sacrifices Sherry.”

“It’s as you said. I also don’t want to be sacrificed. Moreover, if the God of

Demonic Beasts were to be summoned here, this world would fall into chaos. No matter the reason for your actions, it's in our right to live to hinder you, to stop you."

Sherry nodded, moving beside Hayate to protect Aria. Rinne returned a hate filled gaze at the three.

"...Sigh! Stop your useless talk! You just want to stop me, right? You want to hinder my work?!

There is none who'd save me..."

"...You goddamn idiot...why don't you fucking understand!!"

Hayate shouted. His voice filled with anger coming from the bottom of his heart.

"Is it useless if one can't save others?! ...It might be from the perspective of the person being rescued!

But don't you fucking dare deny Aria's wish, will and emotions to save you!!" Hayate turned around, facing Aria and stretched his hand. "Isn't it so!? Aren't you here to bring back Rinne from the wrong path she has stepped into!? Am I right, Aria?"

"...Yes."

The dumbfounded Aria grabbed the stretched out Hayate's hand, moving

forward to stand in front of Rinne.

“I always regretted... not being able to save you. I couldn’t become the crutch you needed to recover. I wasn’t able to fill the hole that your misery caused. But, Sis Rin...” Aria exclaimed, wiping tears from her face, “I always wanted to save you, and it’s the truth. And I was reminded by Hayate just now, as long as I still feel this way, I can’t lose to you—Miria.”

“Kyururu.”

Responding to Aria’s call, her Servant awoke and perched on her shoulders. Aria’s face broke into a smile, the one she always faced others with, for she felt confidence having her partner where it belonged.

“The thing you are trying to accomplish is wrong. I will be by your side till your insanity leaves you! I will save you this time for sure! Cast—”

Miria started to changed, transforming into Future Sight.

“Hayate—”

“—Yeah.”

Hayate extended his right hand to Sherry’s chest, understanding the meaning behind Sherry’s words.

The symbol shining in blue suddenly flared up a bright red.

“Creation—”

Verses poured into his head from the connected symbols.

The sword that kills the kings—

The sword that kills the gods—

The sword that makes worlds perish—

“—Embererathem Laevateinn!”

An incandescent hellfire rose along with a biting chill as Hayate took out the Laevateinn from Sherry’s chest.

“!”

Hayate and Rinne moved simultaneously.

A scarlet longsword and a longsword of darkness exchanged blows with a clang.

“I can’t cut it with Laevateinn...!?”

Hayate’s sword could even split apart the Academy’s most exalted shield. It meant that Rinne’s Cruz was much stronger and tougher.

“I can’t afford to lose! Gengar, change to Beast Mode.”

Rinne shouted. The man-made Demonic Beast hiding in the corner of the Cathedral showed itself.

Apparently, it possessed a stealth ability, thus allowing it to avoid the rampaging ice dragon. Gengar appeared out of the shadows, assaulting the fallen fakes with innumerable shadow spears—and started eating them.

“What?!”

Hayate started at the sight of its cannibalistic behaviour.

“Aaah!”

Rinne took the opportunity and swung down her Jotun Haimen. Hayate sensed her motive and closed in on her, and evaded the sword as he cut at her from below, trying to flick away Rinne’s Cruz.

“Ugh!”

However Rinne didn’t let go of the hilt, instead jumping in the air for a moment and used the force coming from the clash to create distance.

During that exchange, Gengar had completed digesting. After consuming the fakes, Gengar turned

into a giant, and changed into a four-footed animal.

“Do it!”

Abiding by Rinne’s orders, the shadow animal jumped at Sherry and Aria.

“Sherry! Aria!”

“Don’t worry!”

Sherry replied, and started chanting.

“O the Queen at my service, O the ruler of death and catastrophe, inflict thy verdict upon the foolish ones stood in front of me—Nieves Cascade.”

The ice dragon manifested yet again, and rushed wildly at the now beastlike Gengar. Splinters of ice and shadow soared through the area, shaking the Cathedral.

Hayate slipped past the Jotun Haimen, nearing Rinne, and believed in Sherry’s power to fight evenly with a Demonic Beast.

“Guh!”

Rinne barely blocked the Laevateinn’s rush .

“Ugh, huh!”

The Cruz was undoubtedly far above any mediocre Wand.

Rinne must have trained a lot to use the Cruz to this extent. However, it still couldn’t match up to Hayate’s speed.

“Guh!?”

Rinne distanced herself from Hayate’s onslaught. She inhaled sharply, “Divine Bloody Rain,” and

named her skill, creating a shower of venous blood.

“O Flames!”

Hayate tried to ward away the blood shower with his flames, but Rinne’s divine skill ate at the flames as it vigorously poured down on him. The bloody rain easily overpowered Laevateinn’s flaring flames.

Hayate avoided the drops; he intuitively felt that the drops were extremely corrosive and might turn his body into a hole-ridden cloth if he came in contact with them.

“Hayate! Move two steps to the right!”

“!”

Abiding by Aria's orders that came from behind his back, he moved accordingly. He immediately

arrived at this new spot, and stopped there. The venous blood rain fell everywhere, opening holes in the floor, except at his new position.

"Are you fine, Hayate?"

"Yeah, thanks, Aria."

Hayate conveyed his gratitude to Aria for helping him defend against the rain; right after he turned around, brandishing the Laevateinn to against Rinne.

"Rinne, give up already. You know that we have the advantage!?"

"I refuse! If I gave up at this point, all my efforts would be futile!!"

Hayate tried to persuade, but Rinne's will was tough, unbreakable.

"...!"

Hayate felt like he saw her ferocious will flickering in her eyes. All of a sudden, a rumbling sound enveloped the whole Cathedral.

"What's happening?"



“Hayate! The Door is...”

“Door!?”

He traced the place Aria pointed her finger—the Door that was about to open.

“...Hand?”

The Door was ignored after Sherry was saved by aborting the ritual midway. ... A hand composed of light pierced through from the other side, trying to wrench open the door.

Is the God of Demonic Beasts trying to forcefully open the door!?

If so, it was an incident that was of too grand a scale.

Just as Sherry said, the creator of the human’s enemy, the Demonic Beasts, would never like a human being, such a comedic situation would never occur.

“...Tsk!”

A chill ran through his spine; it wasn’t the kind like when he fought against the one-eyed demon, Cyclops. The guy on the other side of the door was really terrifying. An existence that was not allowed within this world.

If such a thing were to happen—

“...At last the God will manifest.”

Rinne breathed deeply, calming her erratic breathing as her grip around the Jotun Haimen

strengthened.

“Get away from there! I will destroy the door with my Laevateinn. ”

“It’s futile. Our worlds have already connected to each other through the door. I can’t win against you, and I don’t want to. I just wanted to stall you people till the God appears from that door.”

Hayate was flustered; on the other hand Rinne regained composure. In just a few moments her goal would be accomplished...!

The advantage moved to Rinne within a matter of seconds.

“Hayate, leave it to me.”

Aria said, almost abruptly.

“Aria?”

“As long as you two fend off the Demonic Beast and Sis Rin, I can use my trump card.”

She inhaled sharply, “Miria! Transform— Spell Breaker, ” and changed the form of Future Sight.

The visor covering Aria’s left eye vanished, so did the pile bunker. Instead, six piles appeared, covering her forearm.

“Ha!”

Aria put her left hand on the ground, and stabbed the piles of Spell Breaker in the summoning circle.

At that moment the gauge embedded in the Wand covering her entire left arm made a weird sound, and innumerable complex characters started to rotate around her hand.

“Start Cracking!”

Following her words, the summoning circle near the piles she stabbed started to deform. Even to

Hayate’s eyes, it was easy to see the character string being overwritten.

“Are...you trying to close the door by interfering with the circle!?”

“Yes, of course. My Spell Breaker is endowed with the ability to intervene, deform and destroy any sort of magic.”

Aria said, meekly. On the contrast, Rinne startled.

“...To resurrect a dead person, magic or a Wand is needed, but you aren’t a Hexenritter. In that case, you have got limited means to accomplish your goal.”

“...!”

“The first time I found out about Miria’s powers, I understood it was the best partner I could have—

with this power I can stop you if you tried to do something erratic,” Aria shouted, overwriting the summoning circle at a rapid pace.

With each passing second, the figure of the door distorted as the hand also started to be pushed back.

“...I see! So you wish to interfere with my plans to the very end—so, prepare for the worst. Gengar, come back!”

Upon Rinne’s call, Gengar stopped his battle with Sherry, and rushed towards her. It’s body was

partially frozen in ice.

“Hayate!”

Sherry chased after Gengar, landing beside Hayate using Fliegen Voke. Her breathing was somewhat erratic, but she didn't appear to be hurt. Her daily training bore fruit in such a weird way; she could also easily use the vast power she just gained.

"I guess I should also show my trump card," Rinne raised up her Cruz, covering half of her face with the sword blade and muttered quietly.

"O Carve thy Cruz, the Symbol of Death and Wisdom, onto thy servant."

The moment she finished her evil vanquishing chant, Gengar, who was standing on her side, was

sucked into the Jotun Haimen.

"The Divine Darkness Fusion is too much for a human to handle, but it can't be helped now, I guess..."

"!?"

In Hayate and Sherry's eyes, this time it appeared like the darkness oozed out of the Jotun Haimen, corroding Rinne's hands, shoulder, breasts and every part of her body; she was covered in a dress of darkness. It almost felt like she was preyed upon by darkness...and finally Rinne's „trump card“ appeared before everyone.

"A...A..."

From the darkness-clad Rinne's mouth, only a small voice was let out. Only her eyes shone with a red-black tinge, emitting an eerie glint, in contrast with her black body. Her figure was too repulsive to be called human...

"Rinne...?"

"Sis...?"

"Shhh!"

A breath exited from between Rinne's teeth, as she swung down Jotun Haimen.

"What!? Ugh!?"

Hayate blocked Rinne's sword attack, but his body sunk downwards. The floor beneath his feet crumbled, and several cracks nearly reached Aria.

Her strength is completely different from before...so this is her trump card!

Every attack was considerably heavy; even her speed was equal to Hayate's.

"Shh! Chhh! Schh!"

Even the quality of the attacks had increased substantially.

Her way of swinging the sword changed. Her way of aiming for gaps changed.

She nearly threw away the intention to defend. Each person has their own habits even when using the same weapon. The

current Rinne and the one from just a moment before were almost like different people. Her wariness to defend was reduced completely.

Is she not sane...or is her consciousness possessed by the „Cruz“?

She was in something that was similar to a rampaging mode. Hayate felt nothing but bloodlust from the current Rinne.

Moreover...

“Guh, Giish...!”

...With every attack she made, a spurt of blood sprayed out from inside the dress of darkness.

listening more clearly, one could hear the sound of her bones creaking.

“...No! Stop using that skill! You“ll die!”

“Shhii!”

Hayate tried to pin her down, but Rinne showed no signs of backing down on her attacks. She moved around, jumped and attacked with humanly-impossible movements...without caring about the damage

inflicted upon her body.

If she continued fighting like this, Rinne would kill herself, sooner or later.

Hayate lost his calm.

“Nibelheim!”

Sherry’s magic turned Rinne into ice within a second. She was not able to move at all, trapped inside the lump of ice...

... crack!

“It is supposed to be ten times tougher than Náströnd, but I guess it still broke. Looks like this won’t be able to stop her.”

It would last a few seconds, or even less than that. At that moment, an ear-splitting sound resounded, as another hand appeared out of the door. The two hands grabbed the closing door, opening it forcefully from the gap.

“Guh! You!”

Aria’s expression darkened, combating against the enemy’s desperate resistance. Her forehead was wet with cold sweat and her eyes wept tears of blood.



“Aria!”

“Don’t...worry...Stop, Sis Rin...!”

The burden of using Spell Breaker was incalculable...but from her appearance she wouldn’t be able to last any longer.

Aria’s at her limit too...! I need to stop Rinne!

Otherwise it was impossible to change the situation. And for that...

The ice prison subduing Rinne’s movements broke with a loud sound whilst Hayate thought over the situation.

“Shkkhiii!”

“!!”

Rinne dashed forward, heading solely towards Hayate. Another collision of the darkness and flaming swords commenced.

Aria was near her limit, and Rinne’s body would be destroyed at any point. There wasn’t much time to waste.

“Rinne! I beg you to stop!”

“It’s useless.”

Hayate tried to persuade her, but Sherry retorted with heartless words.

“She is like me. We both are obstinate; we don’t let our wills bend at all. We won’t stop to

accomplish our goal, even if it means losing our limbs.”

Sherry said, with certainty; she probably felt sympathy for Rinne for they both were similar.

I see...the reason I felt déjà vu before was because her gaze was similar to Sherry’s strong will.

If so, Sherry’s words might be true...in that case, to stop Rinne in a „place without Valhalla’s protection“ would be to...

Why must there always be sacrifice!?

This hesitation stopped Hayate from using Last Origin against Rinne. But this situation would remain unchanged for as long as he hesitated. However...

“There is no reason to hesitate, Hayate!”

Sherry said, assertively.

“Sherry, but...!”

“I’m saying you mustn’t hesitate!”

Sherry exclaimed, continuing her persuasion.

“There is nothing we can’t do together!”

“Sherry?”

“Just match everything with me!”

“Kiiisshshii!”

Hayate evaded Rinne’s high-speed onslaught; Sherry and Hayate separated on the right and left

instantly.

Rinne once again aimed at Hayate—

“Hurl her up into the sky!”

“!?”

Sherry commanded him seconds before Rinne’s attack. Hayate, abiding by her orders, generated a

pillar of flames from Laevateinn.

“Kiiiiiii!”

Rinne was caught in the updraft created by the flames, and hurled near the ceiling of the Cathedral.

However, she had already surpassed human limits; she changed her stance in the air, kicking in the air and swooping towards Hayate.

At that time—

“O the gates of ice mausoleum be open, O thy breath of stealthy stagnation, command the eternal end to the one who hath not slept— Diamond Breath.”

Sherry’s magic generated mist of absolute zero temperature.

“Kiiii!?”

Rinne wasn’t able to kill her swooping momentum, hitting head on into the mist and was frozen

within a matter of seconds. However she struck the Diamond Breath for just a moment, thus it wasn’t able to completely freeze her.

However her joints were already frozen still, dulling her movements.

“Now aim at the Cruz! ” “!”

Hayate widened his eyes, realizing Sherry’s intentions. His lips curled ever so slightly, and an unnoticeable smirk broke out on his face.

I see! I don’t have kill Rinne, but only destroy the „Cruz“—!

“Haaa!”

For the first time ever Hayate swung the Laevateinn with his full power, and struck Rinne’s Jotun Haimen.

“!”

The Cruz was unified with Rinne through the dress of darkness, and at first it clung onto her like sludge, but soon enough it started to fall out while making the sound of an adhesive being pulled out.

The Jotun Haimen fell down, piercing the ground; Hayate swung the Laevateinn once more at it.

Clang!!

The sword attack from the Seele leaving behind a semicircle of bright red sparks broke the sword of darkness in half, showcasing its demise; a gravestone.

“Ugh...Aaaaaa!”

The Cruz broke, and as such the Darkness Fusion crumbled, exposing Rinne’s face.

“Uhh...”

“Sis Rin!”

Aria rushed towards Rinne, seeing her be free from the dress of darkness.

“I...lost?”

Aria hugged Rinne. Eventually she faintly opened her eyes, speaking in a voice low enough to be

called a mutter.

“Sis Rin, don’t try to move, it’ll hurt you

more...” “Leave, me.”

Rinne rolled down, escaping from Aria’s hug. She stood up, unsteady on her feet, and moved her hand towards the door.

“Eiris...”

Her consciousness wavered, her eyesight was hazy and even her body creaked with every movement,

but still her deep-rooted conviction didn't dim for even a bit. She could only see her dead girl in her eyes...

At that time the door creaked, making eerie sounds.

Hayate and others looked at it. The door was already warped badly, and the upper half of it was turned inside out.

Two hands and a back could be seen from the warped crevice. The reason the head couldn't be seen might be because the door was pressing down on it...

From its back a pair of wings grew all of a sudden.

The wings of light spread out, and pierced the ceiling of the Cathedral. The violent magical energy draft that the wings created sent the broken ceiling off into the horizon.

The ceiling was gone and walls had collapsed; the Cathedral was no longer what it once was. The

abnormalities caused by the wings stopped at nothing; it distorted the sky, refracting the light in unimaginable ways, and rendering the surroundings colourless.

It was almost like this world was being eroded by the God's world...

Flap! Graze! Flap! Graze!

The wings grazed each other, creating an extremely unpleasant sound of dissonance—abruptly, the tip of feathers was aimed towards Rinne.

“Sis Rin, get away!”

Aria understood everything, for she could see the future with her Future Sight. Almost simultaneous to her shout, the feathers of light were shot at Rinne like arrows.

“...Eh?”

Rinne let out a foolish sound, unable to cope up with the sudden change in situation. She was attacked by the God she summoned—no, it wasn't as such.

“...Are you fine, sis?”

She saw herself being protected, and Aria be shot at by the feathers; her body riddled with holes...

“Eiris...Aria!?”

Rinne woke up from her stupor, rushing towards the feeble Aria. Once again,



the wings generated the unpleasant sound, shooting off arrows of feathers at them both.

“As if I’d let you!”

Hayate blocked the rain of feathery arrows with Laevateinn, and Sherry used the Diamond Breath to render the arrows movements useless. However the door opened slowly and the power of God’s attack increased. Protecting Aria and Rinne behind themselves, the master and servant were cornered in a defensive battle.

The two cousins hugging behind them exchanged words.

“Sis Rin. I always wanted to apologize to you...”

Aria said feebly, her breath extremely slow.

“Sorry...Sis. You were always alone. I only admired you like a child, never realizing the lack of

understanding and sympathy by the others for you...Sorry.”

Aria continued, her voice filled with sadness, turning into a tearful voice. But the physical pain was not the reason for that.

“ ... ”

Hayate had heard about Rinne's past from Aria before, so he could somewhat understand the meaning hidden in her words. Rinne chose the path of scholar to protect a lot of people.

Even though she chose to be a scholar out of her own will, it doesn't change the hardships—lack of understanding from those around her—into something that anyone could get used to.

Pain is, after all, painful.

"Eiris was the only person who'd soothe your ache, right? ...I could never understand that. I never saw you as anything other than a target of my admiration. But I won't make the same mistake ever again. I will look at you this time, and protect you...so, please..."

Aria entreated, wetting Rinne's shoulder with her tears. This time, for sure, she resolved to protect Rinne.

"Please, return to your former self. Return to the Sister who worked for the betterment of all. I liked you before and even now!"

"...!"

Rinne started at Aria's words. Aria let go of Rinne, finishing her words, and stood up, shaking badly.

"I need to...close the... door once more..."

“Aria, don’t you dare!”

Hayate swung Laevateinn, attempting to stop Aria, but she shook her head.

“The door is almost completely open. We have to stop it, or we are all going to die.”

Aria once again donned the Spell Breaker, stabbing it in the summoning circle, and started cracking it.

“Guh...ugh!”

Aria’s body went past her limits long ago; the blood started to drip immediately from her wounds, her body making snapping sounds, and in a matter of moments a pool of blood formed at her feet.

Thanks to her, the almost open door had started to close, but it soon met with the resistance of both the hands and the wings. Aria gritted her teeth, shedding blood to hold down the door...!

Damn! The barrage has lessened thanks to Aria, but how do counterattack it! At this rate, Aria would break down first! What to do!?

Hayate mowed down the feathers with the dark crimson sword; his irritation increasing—abruptly,

Rinne stood up and came to stand beside Sherry and him.

“Rinne?”

“...”

Rinne put her hand at the summoning circle, completely silent. A moment later, the door started to push back the hands and wings aggressively. Apparently Rinne decided to help out Hayate and others.

“Sis Rin!”

“...I finally remembered Eiris“ last words.”

Rinne muttered a monologue as a reply to Aria“s delighted voice.

“That child“s last words, the words she said before she died because of my failure in an experiment were: „Don“t cry. I love you mom, for you try very hard, sincerely to help other people“.”

Rinne quoted, the words spoken to her in the past, as she continued to destroy the summoning circle she had created.

“I will get hated by her if I remain the way I am.”

“...That“s not it.”

“...Thanks, Aria.”

Tears followed down Rinne's face.

Thanks to the two the door closed gradually, while the hands and wings stuck between made the unpleasant sound. The hail of arrows had reduced significantly, even the gale started to weaken.

However the sky was still discoloured by the wings; it was obvious the God hadn't given up on entering this world. No matter how much power the two used, they were already way past their limits.

It would be dangerous to prolong the situation. In that case, there was just one thing they could do.

"We need to destroy the door, Hayate."

"As you wish!"

Hayate rushed forward, brandishing Laevateinn. The two wings bend back and forth at his actions, and the God shot numerous arrows of light at him.

My opponent is not Rinne. In that case—

—There was no need to hold back anymore!

"O Flames!"

Hayate raised a whirlpool of blazing flames that gulped down the wings,

venting out his pent-up anger.

The moment the offensive and defensive battle ended, a dragon made up of ice glided past over his head.

“Nieves Cascade”

The ice dragon created by Sherry hurled at the right hand holding the door, and chewed off two-three fingers.

One of the wings struck down at the dragon, returning it to crystal form.

“Fly!”

The words were few, but Hayate knew Sherry understood him, and started loading power inside the

Laevateinn. A span of breath later, Sherry chanted the magic for Fliegen Volke that shot Hayate’s body in the air.

“...Eat this.”

Hayate shot high above the door; he raised Laevateinn overhead to the extent his body allowed, generating an extra-large blade of flames.

“Orrrraaaaahhhhhh!!”

One of the God's wings was cut apart and burned to cinders by the flames generated from Laevateinn.

The God had lost one of his wings forever. Now only one more was left, but right after using a trump card move, Hayate was left defenceless.

The other wing buzzed, striking down as if to break Hayate just like the ice dragon from just

before...However, at that moment, Sherry's incantation resounded like a thunder.

"The one who whets, thy blades sunder apart every opponent, freezing thy foes."

Every word Sherry spoke shook the chill in the surroundings, forming several crystals of ice that transformed into swords and spears, and automatically flying towards the remaining wing of light and stabbed it.

The wing started to freeze from the areas it was pierced, rendering it useless, and much harder to kill Hayate.

And,

"O thee foolish foe, take a look at the world of death with repose, take upon the judgement of the ice mausoleum— Blizzard Edge."

The moment her chant ended, the already completely frozen wing broke into

pieces.

“...Kuuu!”

An unpleasant voice reverberated in the atmosphere filled with black charcoal and ice dust.

“Kuuuuuuukkkiiiiiii—!”

It was the wail of the God, who lost both of his wings to fire and ice... Hayate and others paid no heed to it.

“...”

“What’s wrong, Sherry?”

“I’m happy to be standing alongside you.”

“Hm? I think we are always fighting together.”

“I don’t like being protected.” Sherry smiled. “Let’s be together from now on, forever, in every situation.”

“The both of us can overcome any obstacle...let’s deal with this God first.”

The two nodded, each preparing to launch their biggest attack.



“Laevateinn!”

Hayate raised his Seele over his head, pouring all of his energy into it, and transformed it into a blade of flame. The fire pillar sundered the heavens, the incandescent squall overturned the world’s logic, and the colour of twilight shone.

“O the Queen of Ice, thee govern the death and end of ever constant earth, cut off the sound of the sands of time, only thy frozen song extends, forever till the end of the demise, thee doth not turn into the slave of timbre—”

Sherry chanted a phrase longer than she had ever said; the symbol on her chest shone with a bright blue light. Her chant froze the air inside the Cathedral, and it moved on to create snow in the skies above the Academy City.

“Last Origin—”

“Great Magic...”

The powers of the Scarlet Sword and Blue Demon clashed against each other, raising turbulence, and intertwined with each other. Fire and Ice. The two contrastive powers combined together, and are shot with a power never seen before.

“—HELLFLAME DESTRUCTION!!”

“— Achat Heaven's Judgement! ”

Hayate and Sherry's trump cards swirled, creating a strong gale and crashed into the door.

"Giiiigghh!!!"

The God still tried to stop the door from closing, but after losing its wings, it was easily subdued by the powers of the master and servant.

""Haaaaaa!!!"

They both bellowed, releasing all of their power in this one attack.

Crack!

The sound was similar to ice-breaking, but it was different.

Break...!

The stained glass of the church broke with a shrill sound.

"...sigh"

A second later, Hayate realized the door had disappeared, and looked at the Sherry right beside him.

Their eyes met.

“...Hayate.”



Sherry gazed at him for a while, before continuing.

“I told you to come back fast, right?”

She questioned. Hayate remembered the promise he made right before going out to shop the tea leaves,

“I’m sorry for my late return, my master.”

He bowed for a moment, before looking up in Sherry’s eyes, and the two laughed abruptly.

“Welcome back, Hayate.”

“I’m home, Sherry.”

# Epilogue

The unprecedented great disaster that was the summoning of the God came to an end.

The occupation of the Academy that occurred before the ritual was also taken care by Sylvana and the students of the Rivaldi classroom as they rescued every hostage safely. Apparently, the moment Gengar died as *Jotun Haimen* was broken, the other fakes lost their power and fell, lifeless.

Afterwards, Rinne admitted the fakes were parts of Gengar that split up. Thus when Hayate destroyed it along with the *Cruz*, the fakes were no longer able to function properly.

The mastermind behind the incident, Rinne Blancheis, was currently restrained by the Avenil Chivalric Order, and was kept in the dorm room that Rinne had stayed in. She was to be escorted to the Capital a day later.

Hayate was hearing all this from Aria, but after he heard what she said next he couldn't help but let out a foolish voice.

"You won't be coming to the night festival, then?"

"Yes. I asked the people from the Order to let me nurse Sis Rin till dawn, at which point she will be ready to be escorted. So, I'll be at the dorms."

"I see..."

Hayate couldn't persuade her because of the reason she gave him.

"Take care of *yourself* too, you are also wounded."

"Okay...Um, Hayate."

"What?"

Hayate replied as he watched Aria lower her face.

They stood in the courtyard of the Academy; their surroundings had started to darken. It was impossible to discern her expression with just starlight.

"I'm truly grateful to you; and of course to Sherry too. If you two weren't

there Sis might not have been saved.”

“Huh? If not for you, I wouldn’t have been able to sneak inside the Academy. And Rinne wouldn’t have stopped if not for you.”

“...Thanks. Your words mean a lot to me.”

Aria replied quietly, interposing a slight pause in their conversation.

“Sherry and others might’ve finished changing.”

Hayate looked at the dance hall from the centre of the courtyard. The night festival was to be held there.

He would meet up with Sherry, after everyone had finished changing.

“I’ll be going now.”

“Hayate!”

“Hm?”

Hayate stopped in his tracks after having his name called Aria. His sleeve was suddenly tugged down.

And a very soft part of the girl touched his cheeks.

“A-Aria!?”

Hayate exclaimed, covering his cheek, obviously flustered.

*T-that was a kiss...?!*

On the other hand, Aria simply lowered her hat, hiding her eyes and cheeks.

“That was just thanks for today. It wasn’t to the you that is a Servant, but the person.”

“...”

It was too dark to clearly look at her face, but he felt like he saw Aria’s face turning red.

She turned around to face the dorms.

“I’ll be off then. Have fun at the night festival.”

Aria said, before rushing towards the dorm where Rinne was staying.

“Kyurururu.”

Miria flew down from somewhere, perched on her shoulder, and cried once as it looked at Hayate.

Maybe it was Hayate’s imagination, for he felt that its cry was filled with a profound meaning.

“...”

Hayate only looked over to see Aria disappear in the dorm, while he tried to cover his red face.



Hayate rushed to the dance hall after his face had cooled down from the night air. The night festival had already started.

The headmistress had learnt about the Academy’s situation while she was in the Capital by using *Angles* magic, and decided to carry out the night festival regardless. She wanted the scared guests and students to have fun at the end of the festival.

Naturally, participation wasn’t required, so many people who were ill or tired had already retired to their dorms or returned to their territories. Due to this, there were fewer people attending the night festival this year.

Hayate was arrived at the entrance of the dance hall, and finally entered.

“Wow, how gorgeous.”

He knew that this was a social place for the nobles, but its beauty had far surpassed his imagination.

Grandiose ornaments and furnishings decorated the interior, and cuisines of a much higher high-grade than the school cafeteria could offer were lined up one after the next.

Everyone here, students and guests, had changed into their formal-wear, and they looked splendid.

“Hayate.”

Kiruru rushed towards him first; she wore a pink dress. She let down the hair



on both sides of her face, and had used some make-up, which made her look quite adult.

“Hey. That dress looks good on you, Kiruru.”

“Ah! I-I do? Ehehe.”

Kiruru reacted with various expressions, surprise and embarrassment. She grabbed Hayate with both her arms, and gazed at him with upturned eyes.

“You too...look much cooler than usual.”

“Is that so? Well, most of the time I only wear the uniform.”

Hayate wore ceremonial clothes for the night festival. The clothes were made from high-quality cloth and felt really comfortable on his skin, but comparing himself with other nobles' stylish way of wearing their suits, he felt out of place.

“...Aren't I being stared at too much? Am I wearing something wrong?”

“No, that's because...”

“You need to be more aware of your actions.”

Kiruru flustered, troubled to give him an answer, at that moment a third person interrupted. The person was Victoria, who wore a blue dress. Her sister Sylvana, who was with her, wore a bright red dress; as expected of them, the sisters looked too brilliant and glossy.

“Do you understand, Hayate?”

Victoria, whose dress was open around the chest area, walked towards Hayate with an exasperated expression.

“Your fight with the white giant could be seen from far away. Not just the students, but even the guests have noticed your powers.”

“I won't say it looks good to be looked at, but it is necessary to know the reason for their stares.”

Hayate faltered, being scolded by the two sisters.

“E-err, what about Sherry?”

Hayate called for his Master to change the topic. He looked around the whole venue, but apparently Sherry was still not here. Or rather, she was the type of person who would wait for Hayate on the entrance if he was to be late.

“Huh? Do you not know about Sherry?”

“Like what?”

Hayate replied with a question to Victoria.

A loud rustle rose up, drowning every other sound in the hall. Every person’s eyes went towards the entrance.

“?”

Hayate thought some great person had appeared, and turned around—and was left speechless.

The person on the entrance was an...extremely beautiful girl. The light rose-coloured hair shone brightly under the light. Her milky white thighs were hidden, the hem of the dress emphasized her slender calves and ankles. Her slender, yet symmetrical, body was covered in a dress that shone like white snow that was illuminated by moonlight. All of this was supported by a gorgeous face, and it seemed like a goddess that an excellent painter had depicted had come to life.

The girl could easily have been mistaken as an incarnation of a Goddess—but the most attractive part about her was her gaze. If gazes could hold power, then that contained within hers was quite deep.

Hayate returned the that girl’s gaze, directed at him from her her ruby-red eyes, and thought of only one thing while she walked towards him: *My new memories started from this gaze, eh.*

Ever since then, Hayate had been constantly falling in love with this girl.

“Sorry to keep you waiting, Hayate.”

“It’s rare to see you be late.”

“It’s troubling to wear the *Moonlight Dress*. Every year headmistress is supposed to help in wearing it, but she isn’t here this year.”

“Ah, that’s right.”

Hayate nodded, but suddenly tilted his head in confusion.

“I thought only the winner of the Academy Festival could get the chance to wear that dress.”

“And Sherry was chosen as the winner this year.”

Victoria answered, with a flash of astonishment at Hayate’s dense mind.

“But the School Festival was...”

“Certainly it ended badly...but everyone present here knows who needs to wear the *Moonlight Dress*.”

Victoria exclaimed, waving her hands. Her voice was considerably loud, but none objected to her statement, there were some who even nodded. Hayate felt ecstatic seeing Sherry being approved by a lot of people.

“Um, Ms. Scharlachrot...”

At that time, someone called Sherry, tracing the direction of the voice, she turned around and was met by her classmates, Myusel and Orsayle. Apparently Myusel had called out to her, and she appeared to be quite nervous.

“What’s the matter, Ms. Myusel?”

“Err...I’m sorry, I misunderstood you till now. I’m truly very sorry!”

Myusel said, bowing down vigorously enough that her emerald green skirt fluttered.

“I heard about you saving the school...even without Mr. Hayate by your side, you still resisted against the demands of the enemy...I dared to call you lucky, when I could only shiver in front of Demonic Beasts.”

“Raise your head, Ms. Myusel.”

Sherry said, her expression emotionless, neither angry nor flattered.

“I’m not worrying about it, so you don’t have to be bothered by that.”

“But...”

“It’s fine.”

Sherry smiled gently as she saw Myusel's eyes fill up with tears and her head nod. The two classmates both went away with Orsayle patting Myusel's back.

"..."

Orsayle turned around once and nodded towards Sherry, before following after Myusel, heading towards the corner of the hall.

*Looks like Sherry will be able to mingle with the classmates now.*

As Hayate looked at Sherry, feeling warmth in his heart, the music being played changed abruptly.

"It's dance time, I guess."

"Ah, is that so. Hey, w-wait!"

As Hayate looked up the ceiling, nodding with Sherry, he was suddenly pushed aside by the influx of people rushing towards Sherry, and soon enough was sent far away from her.

"Wh-what was that!?"

Finally getting out of the surging crowd, Hayate looked towards the direction of Sherry wondering what might've happened.

"My lady, would you please dance with me—"

"No, I'm more appropriate for you—"

"You're too beautiful. Please give your hand to me—"

"I'm from the famous family of—"

"Wow, my Goddess—"

A lot of males spoke at once, making it seem like a chaos, but they were all apparently nobles trying to ask for Sherry's hand to dance.

*If I remember correctly, Aria said the wearer of the Moonlight Dress can dance with anyone.*

But currently Sherry was being constantly asked to dance. It only supported the fact of her beauty.

"..."

Hayate hesitated to return to Sherry's side.

*The current Scharlachrot Family has fallen, and holds no value on its own. If she were to make some guy from a big noble family fall in love with her, her family would be revived, and she'd be one more step closer to her dream...*

This was a meticulously calculated thought, but since he had promised to help her attain her dream, so he had to think as such. He was honestly burning with the fire of jealousy because of the thought, but he held back his feet from moving and tightly grit his teeth.

*I only have „Laevateinn“. I don't have money, status, or even memories. I don't know if we would win the „Walpurgis“ too.*

Would it be okay to be by her side at this moment, even though there were too many things he didn't know or have.

His heart screamed at him to kick away all the horny males and make his way to Sherry...but his brain stopped him in his tracks.

“...”

Hayate hung his head down, biting on his molars...but hearing a sudden clamour rise up in the hall and it nearing towards him, he rose up his head.

In his eyes, the astounded expression of Sherry was clearly reflected.

“Why do you look like a shrivelled eggplant?”

“...The heck is that?”

Regardless of his words, Hayate knew his expression was most likely weird.

Looking around her he saw the crowd of men already split apart into two lanes, creating a road for Sherry to Hayate. Apparently she ignored every man who came to her, and made her way to Hayate.

“Is this fine with you...”

“What is?”

She replied ambiguously, despite knowing the answer to his question.

“Like I said...”

“I’m your slave. I won’t even touch a man other than you.” Sherry said, extending her hand towards Hayate.

“You’ll dance with me, my master?”

“...Obviously. No one else gets this right.”

Hayate took her hand, heading towards the centre of the dance hall. Apparently the wearers of the *Moonlight Dress* are supposed to dance in the centre of the hall.

“...Now that I remember, I don’t know how to dance.”

“Really, what a pathetic master I’ve got. I’ll teach you, just match your rhythm with mine.” Sherry laughed, moving her legs according to the song.

“Oops...!”

Hayate imitated her and stepped here, there, everywhere; despite looking boorish, he was able to dance with Sherry.

After a while he got used to the movements and looked up at the face of his dance partner...which made him shut his mouth.

“...”

“What?”

“...Nothing.”

He wondered how many times he had fallen head over heels for this girl in front of him. The moonlight fell onto her dress from the windows above, lighting up her dress. Her elegant smile and splendorous dance seemed to indicate that she was a real Moon Goddess— “—you’re so beautiful.”

Hayate muttered, unintentionally.

Sherry widened her eyes at his extremely honest expression, and laughed impishly.

“That’s the first time you called me beautiful.”

“Eh? That’s just impossible.”

“You always call me Sexy this, Sexy that.”

“Ugh!”

Certainly, every time she asked for his opinion on her appearance, he’d only reply with *Sexy*.

“But I always thought as such in my heart.”

“There’s no meaning if you don’t speak your feelings.” “Mgh!”

Hayate’s excuse was replied with facts, and he was truly silenced.

Upon looking at him Sherry laughed again...

“So let’s speak about our feelings, our promise every time...” “— ”

Hayate realized her intentions and his expression stiffened.

“Everything of mine is yours.”

Just like on that moonlit night, the night they exchanged vows, Sherry spoke first.

“Everything of yours is mine.”

Hayate replied.

He continued without stopping.

“Everything of mine is yours.”

“Everything of yours is mine.”

They offered their hearts and bodies to each other. Devoted it...to this vow.

The vow they made back then, wishing to be of equal standing was finally fulfilled today. Sherry was no longer a person who needed to be protected by Hayate, but she could fight with him.

And so, this was a ritual to renew the vow. A new ritual.

“Hayate, you’ll remain as my manservant forever.”

“Same to you Sherry, you’ll be mine for forever.”

They made their vows and neared their faces. And like that, the two pairs of lips intertwined with each other in the centre of the dance hall lit up by a

blanket of gentle moonlight.

## Afterword

Hello. I'm Nameko Jirushi, who's suffering from stomach aches recently.

Once again, another volume filled with great deeds of a Manservant and Slave. I hope it was to your tastes.

This third volume is about the most generic thing a school has to offer, a School Festival. In a normal festival, students would set up stalls and give out refreshments, but in a school filled with eccentrics like Sherry and Victoria, there's no way anything normal would occur! Please enjoy this volume along with the illustrations by Mr. Youtaro, to know just what exactly happened in the festival, what sort of lucky perverted situations Hayate ended up in, and what fortunate disaster befell him.

By the way I recently moved, and the place I'm residing at now has got several delicious restaurants around, and it's dangerous. What's dangerous? Well, my, stomach, fattens and fattens...

I'd like to firstly give my thanks to the editor, Mr. Kobayashi, who precisely, almost annoyingly, noted down advice for this volume, which is like a juncture point in the story. Still, I thank you for turning this book into a fun read! The time I was worried about the scenes of Sherry during the Academy Festival, he got excited and started screaming "A walking scene, it is!" I was even helped during the final battle a lot, so thank you for all your hard work.

I want to thank my illustrator, Mr. Youtaro. Thank you for creating fabulous illustrations despite your busy schedule! I still can't forget the shock when I first saw the rough sketch of the cover page. I remember asking you to give an "amazing illustration next time that would knock a person out of their wits next time", but who knew I would be the first to be knocked out (lol). I look forward to working with you again!

I also would like thank to everyone who has helped in the creation of this



book, and helped it to get published.

I also feel extremely grateful to readers who've read this series from the first volume, and welcome the new readers who decided to buy the previous volumes (I hope you do) just because of the cover page of this current volume.

Stay tuned for more! Let's meet again in the future.

Nameko Jirushi, June, 2014.